

SPECIAL APRIL FOOL ISSUE

YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A FOOL WHEN YOU BUY THIS ISSUE OF...

IND

MAD

OUR PRICE

25c

CHEAP

No. 39

May '58



IF YOU THINK YOU SEE THE FACE OF ALFRED E. NEUMAN, MAD'S
CELEBRATED "WHAT - ME WORRY?" KID, ON OUR FRONT COVER, THEN

APRIL FOOL!

BECAUSE, ACTUALLY, ALL YOU'RE SEEING ARE THESE LESSER-KNOWN CHARACTERS:



(1) Harry Piel, (2) Bert Piel, (3) Judy Garland, (4) Bing Crosby, (5) George Gobel, (6) Louis Armstrong, (7) Floyd Patterson, (8) Number 1 Contender, (9) George Burns, (10) Gracie Allen, (11) Imogene Coca, (12) Sid Caesar, (13) Bob Hope, (14) Ed Wynn, (15) Steve Allen, (16) Ed Sullivan, (17) Jackie Gleason, (18) Jerry Lewis, (19) Dave Garroway, (20) Elvis Presley, (21) Rosemary Clooney, (22) José Ferrer, (23) Lucille Ball, (24) Desi Arnaz, (25) Liberace, (26) Jayne Mansfield, (27) Yul Brynner, (28) Frank Sinatra, (29) Irving Tail-fin

MAD

"Bars are something which if you go into too many of, you're apt to come out singing a few of, and maybe land behind some!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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MAD presents plan we need to make America's kids science conscious. Now we need plan to make America's kids conscious.

SUBURBS 12



An article about suburbs and how they're sprawling further and further from cities as more and more urbanites rush to sprawl.

SNEAKY ADVERTISING 18



A quick look at the new advertising method known as subliminal projection which we hope is nothing but a flash in the pan.

OPERA RECORD ALBUMS 22



We'd be "Me!" with this kind of thing if pocket-book cover copy-writers were to put their blurbs to work on Opera Albums.

COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS 26



With new stamps coming out daily commemorating just about everything, we figure there'll soon be one for this article.

BIG, BIG EARTH 28



Bob and Ray's version of the television show that takes a Sunday afternoon across this vast land of ours, and quietly ruins it.

PARTY GAMES 33



Here are some MAD games guaranteed to start any party rolling, once the cops come and pile you all into the Paddy Wagon.

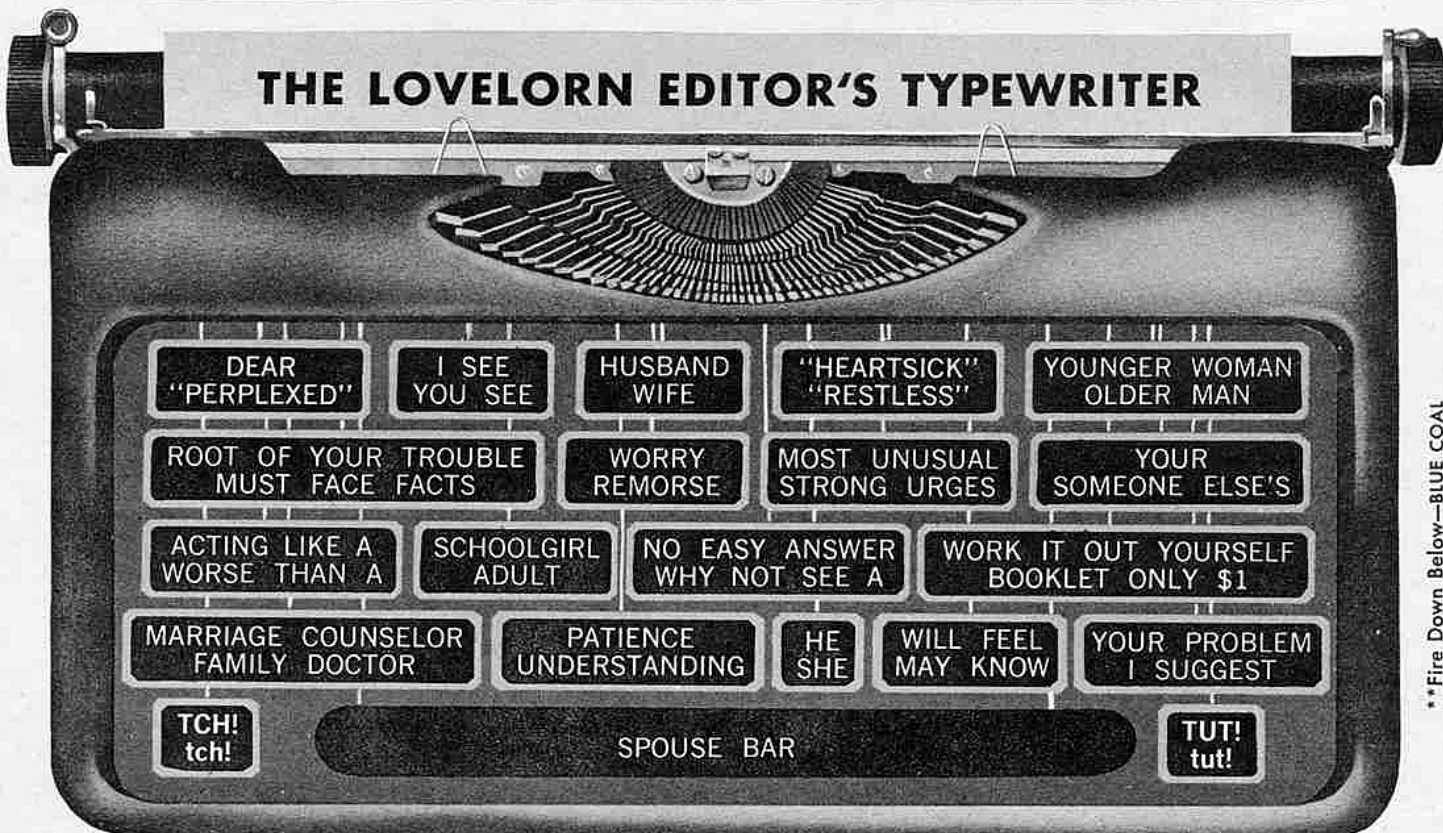
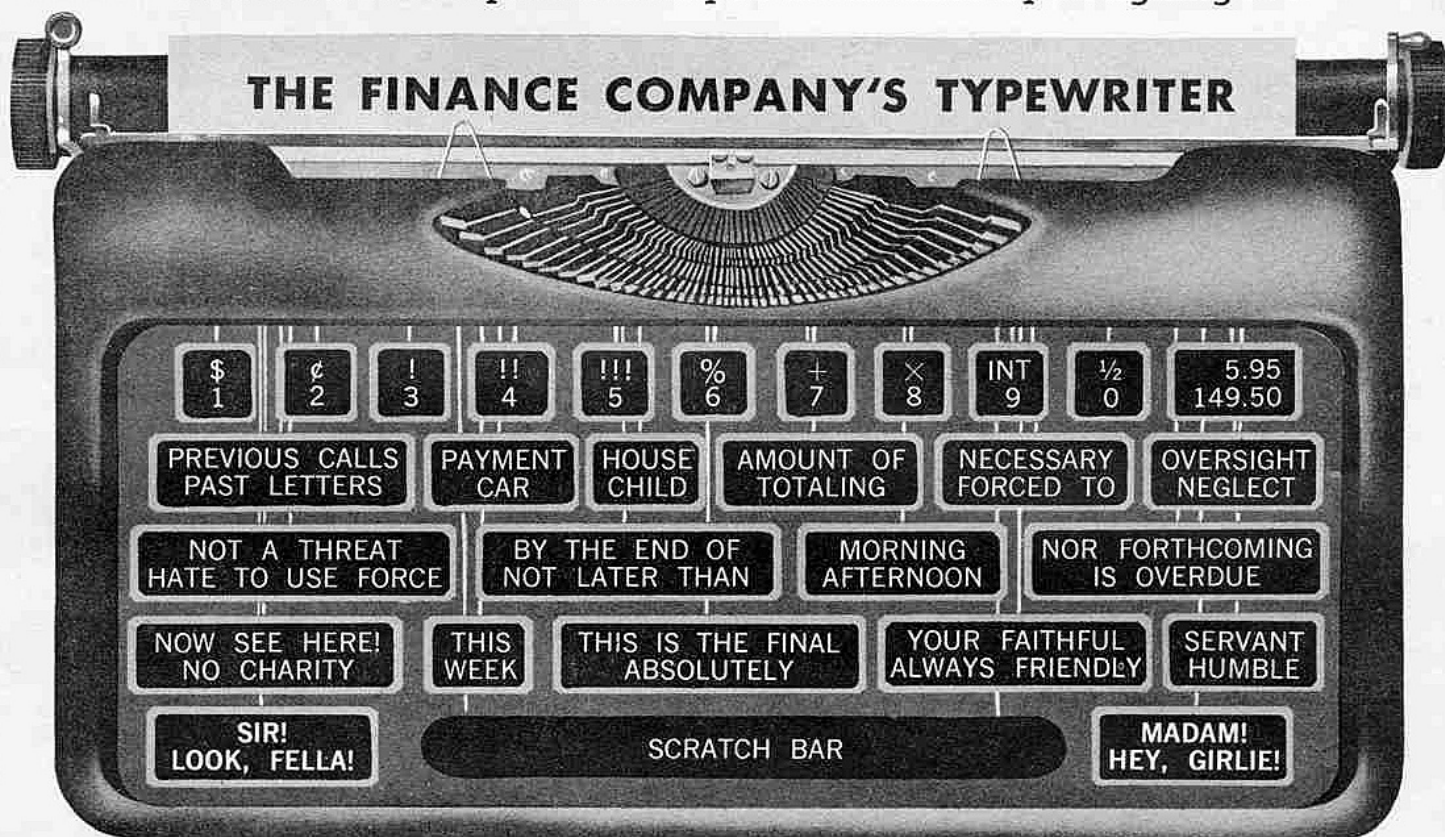
SATURDAY EVENING PEST 43



A satire of that famous American family-magazine offered by that infamous American black-sheep-of-the-family-magazine, MAD.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS DEPT.

Want to be a specialized writer? So what if you can't spell! So what if you don't know grammar! All you need to know are the dozen or so important clichés and hackneyed phrases these guys use, and you're in business. As a matter of fact, MAD has solved the whole problem for you in advance by designing . . .



**Fire Down Below—BLUE COAL

TYPEWRITERS

to fit your trade

THE SONG WRITER'S TYPEWRITER



**Something of Value—U. S. TREASURY BONDS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

THE GOSSIP COLUMNIST'S TYPEWRITER



Editor's Note: Once I was a slow, plodding hunt-and-peck typist.
n0w I'm a Spe4dy eXponent of thz t0uch systex.

TEST YOUR EYES!

... AND YOUR JUDGMENT!



A TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIP TION TO MAD

**MAGAZINE BRINGS
YOU NINE ISSUES OF
MIND-ROTTING MATERIAL**

AND IF YOU READ THIS FAR, YOU

MIGHT AS WELL FILL OUT THE COUPON

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS

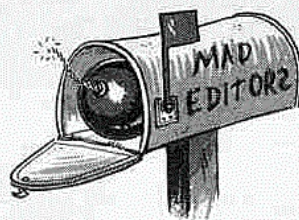
**225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, New York**

Here's \$2.00. Enter my name as a subscriber and send me the next 9 issues of MAD. It's obvious that my eyes are good, but my judgment is poor!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



LETTER PAGE

Every time I buy an issue of MAD, the first thing I turn to is the letter page. But the bomb in the mail box is still there. When is it going off?

Dennis Gormley
Hialeah, Fla.

In my opinion, the guy who writes your "The-guy-who-writes-your 'The-guy-who-writes-your-letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!' letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!' letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!' letters should DROP DEAD!

Steve Spiegel
Philadelphia, Pa.

I think the guy who writes the rest of your magazine should write the letters. They're terrible!

Janet Bowers
No Address Given

Thank you for showing us your MAD Rejection Slip. Now, here's mine:

ALLAN ZINK
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Dear Editor:
ECH-H-H-H-H-H!
The Reader

You guys should leave an empty space in the Letters Department for readers like me who never get their letters printed. Then we can write them in ourselves.

Bob DeMello
Brooklyn, N. Y.

COVER

The cover painted by J. Fred Muggs was a masterpiece. I hope you continue with your growing line of triumphs.

Mike Conners
Beach Haven, N. J.

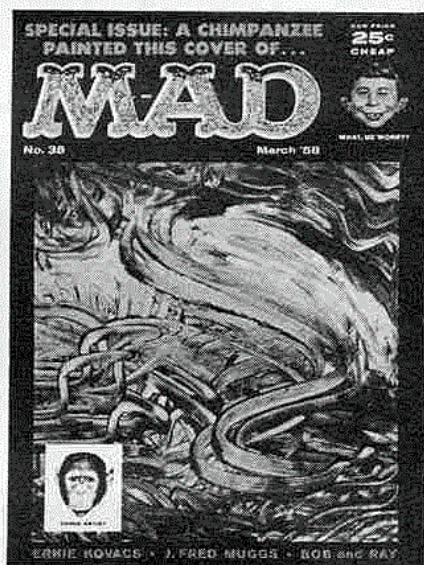
At last your cover paintings begin to make sense!

Jon Hartzell
So. Pasadena, Calif.

Idiot! You printed it upside-down! Steve Ellerbroek
Richmond, Va.

Extraordinary! Please show us some more work by this talented genius.

Nat Weber
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Extraordinary?

I think that the chimpanzee that painted your March cover should draw the rest of the magazine!

Kenny Cohen
Highland Park, Ill.

OWNERSHIP

I've been reading and laughing at your mag for quite a while now. But in the last issue, the article entitled "Statement of Ownership" was the funniest thing I've ever read.

Johnny Schmon
Clifton, N. J.

For Unprinted Letters?

POSITIVELY THE LAST OFFER!

Yes, this is positively the last offer we will make this issue. It's also positively the first offer we'll make this issue. In fact, it's the only offer we'll make this issue. Next issue, we'll make it again. **WHAT ME WORRY?** kid pictures in full-color, suitable for framing or gift wrapping fish, are still available. Send 25¢ to: Dept. What-Color?, c/o MAD, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.



"MAD" WEEK

This year for "Sammy Week" we have chosen as our theme "Sammy Goes MAD." All proceeds go to charity.

Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity
Mu Eta Chapter
Drexel Institute of Technology
Philadelphia, Pa.

"MAD" CAMP

Each summer at camp we conduct a celebrity poll. For the second successive year, MAD has been voted the most popular magazine at camp.

I. A. Rosenthal
Camp Orinsekwa
Niverville, N. Y.

BABY SITTING

Who goofed? The best story you ever had in all your issues was "Goldie Moll and D' Tree Bulls," and you had to go and cut it off without finishing it!

Bob Wade
Belvidere, N. J.

The article about racketeers taking over baby sitting jobs was unnecessary. The way you talk, you'd think the country was run by hoodlums and gangsters.

The Boys
Apalachin, N. Y.

INVENTOR

I think that your biography of Arthur A. Freen was the funniest and best-written story in the magazine.

Gene Tortora
Elmhurst, N. Y.

Golly! Gee! I didn't know it was Arthur A. Freen who invented the wrench!

Everett Spencer
Hingham, Mass.



Invented Wrench?

Yeah! Well, you guys just wait till next year!

Arthur A. Freen
Detroit, Mich.

LETTERS DEPT.

AREA

Gentlemen! A lot 419 feet by 22 inches isn't 800 square feet, it's 768.166 square feet.

Robert Rickover
Dept. of Mathematics
Yale University

BARKER AD

Would you please tell me who the man in the picture, who is not who I think it is, but a double bearing a startling likeness who you got much cheaper, is?

Steve Albers
San Antonio, Texas

If the man in the ad isn't Ernie Kovacs, who is he?

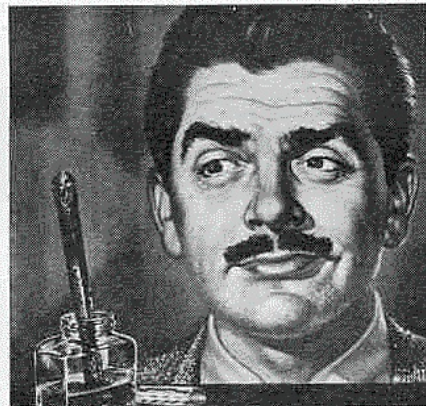
Robert Ebenroth
Cicero, Ill.

You mean the guy in the Barker ad isn't Clark Gable?

Dale Anderson
Fredonia, N. Y.

You can't fool me! I'd recognize Jerry Lewis anywhere!

Dean Martin
Las Vegas, Nev.



Kovacs? Gable? Lewis?

IT'S CRACKERS

"Potrzebie" and "Axolotl" I can take! Maybe even "I had one grunch but the eggplant over there." But what on earth does "It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide" mean?

Michel Steinfeldt
Brookline, Mass.

What in the name of Alfred E. Neuman does that mean???

Jay P. Hunt
London, Ontario, Canada

Whatzitmeananyhow?

Steve Davidson
Madison, N. J.

"It's crackers to slip a rozzer the dropsy in snide," is good advice.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD,
Dept. 39, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

FINISH OFF YOUR

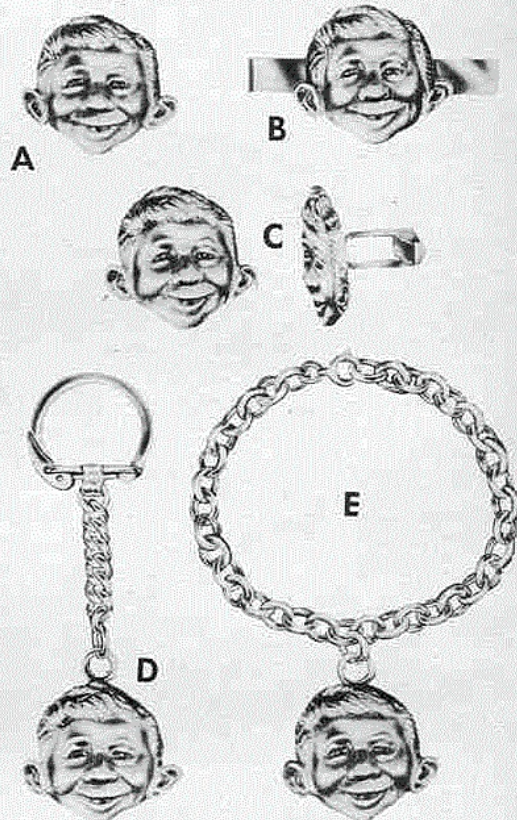
Easter Outfit

(FOR GOOD)

WITH

MAD JEWELRY

Featuring MAD's "What... Me Worry?" Kid.



Styled exclusively for MAD Magazine by
ASTRAHAN OF NEW YORK
in gleaming silver plate. All prices
include Federal Excise Taxes, boxing,
shipping and postage prepaid.

MAD JEWELRY

225 Lafayette Street

New York City 12, N. Y.

I want to lead the Easter Parade!
I know I will, 'cause they'll chase
me down the street for wearing the
MAD Jewelry I have checked below:

- A MAD LAPEL/SCATTER PIN.....\$2.00 ☐
- B MAD TIE PIN.....\$2.00 ☐
- C MAD CUFF LINKS.....\$3.00 ☐
- D MAD KEY CHAIN.....\$2.00 ☐
- E MAD CHARM BRACELET.....\$2.00 ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

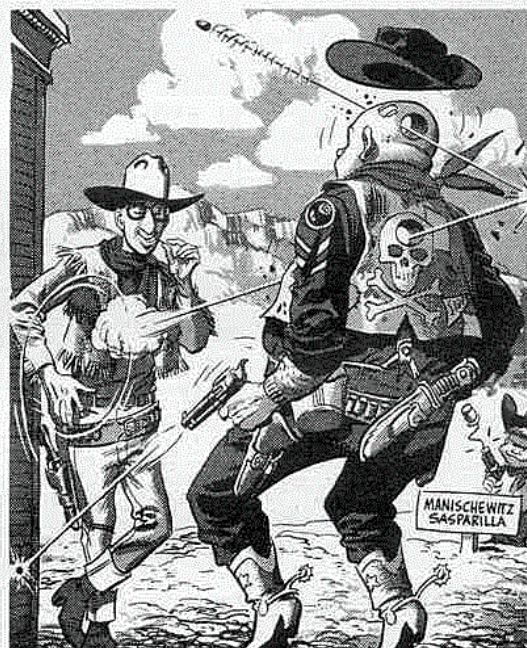
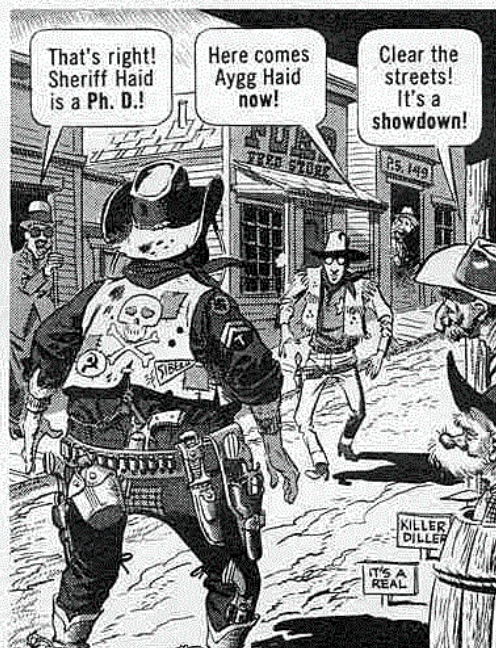
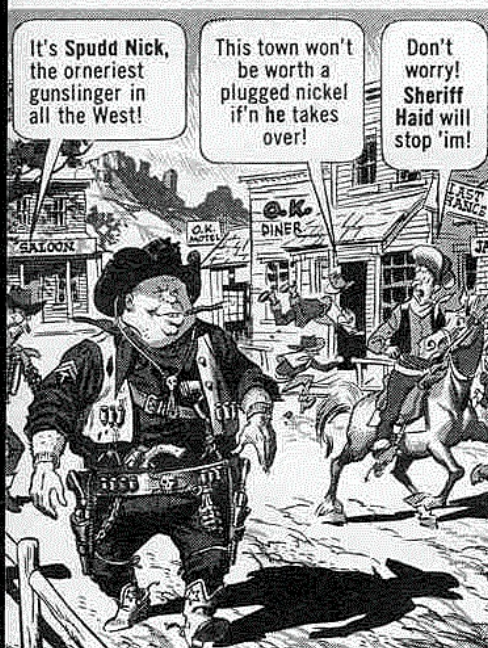
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SCRAMBLE THEM EGGHEADS DEPT.

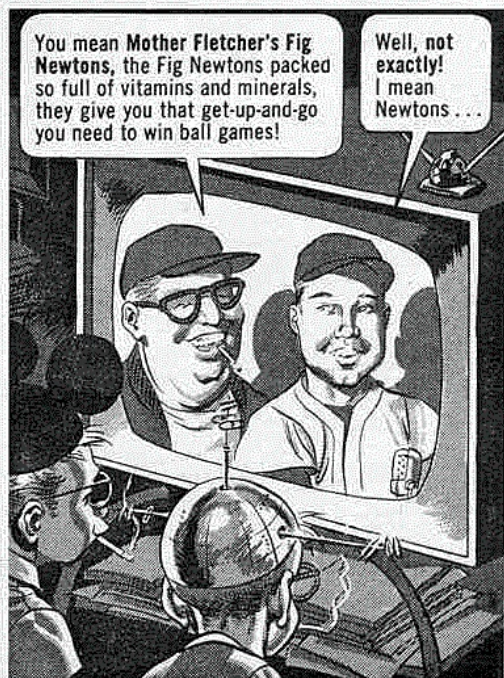
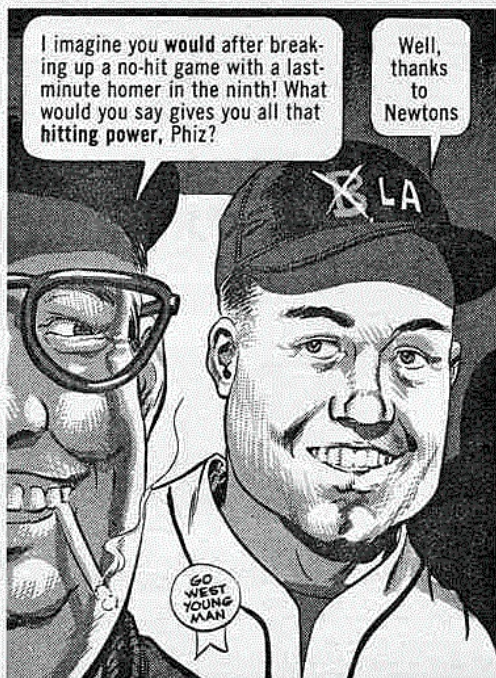
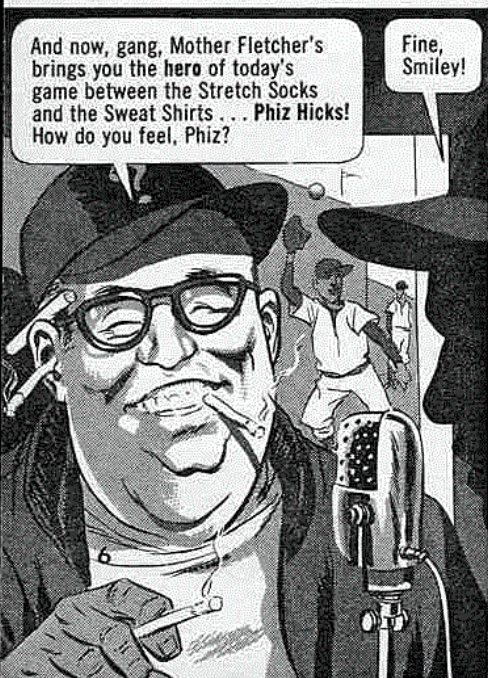
The Russians, who have a habit of giving us problems, gave us a dilly when they launched Sputnik and Muttuk . . . problem being: what to do about the dangerous shortage of scientists here in America? It seems that most kids today choose careers where they can make money rather than careers where

HOW TO MAKE AMERICA'S SCIENCE

THE TV WESTERN



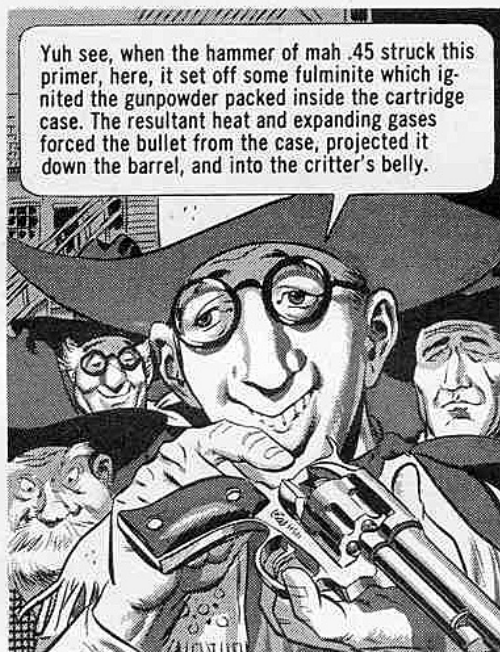
THE SPORTS INTERVIEW



they can use their **brains**. So, because we all made the same mistake, the staff of **MAD** suggests that an all-out effort be started by the Press, Television, and Movies to arouse the interests of America's teen-agers in science and careers in science. Here, then, is **MAD's** own plan on...

KIDS...

CONSCIOUS

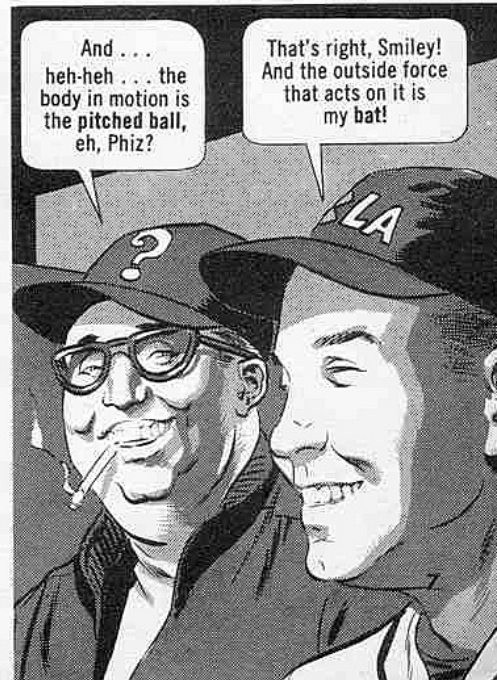
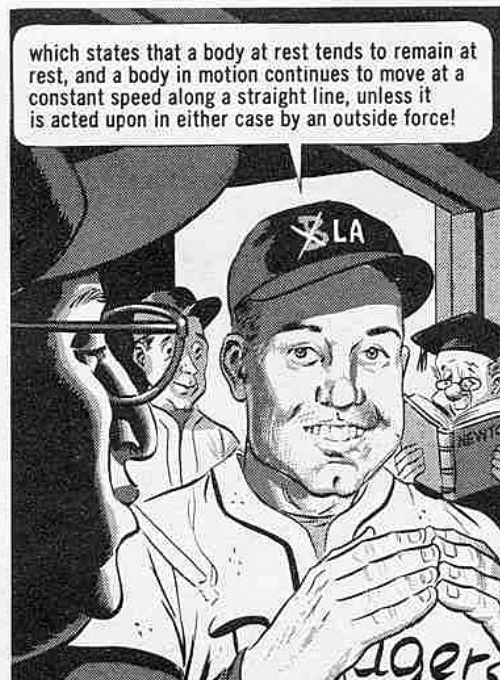


My Gun is Quick—3-IN-1 OIL



PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

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THE CRIME MOVIE

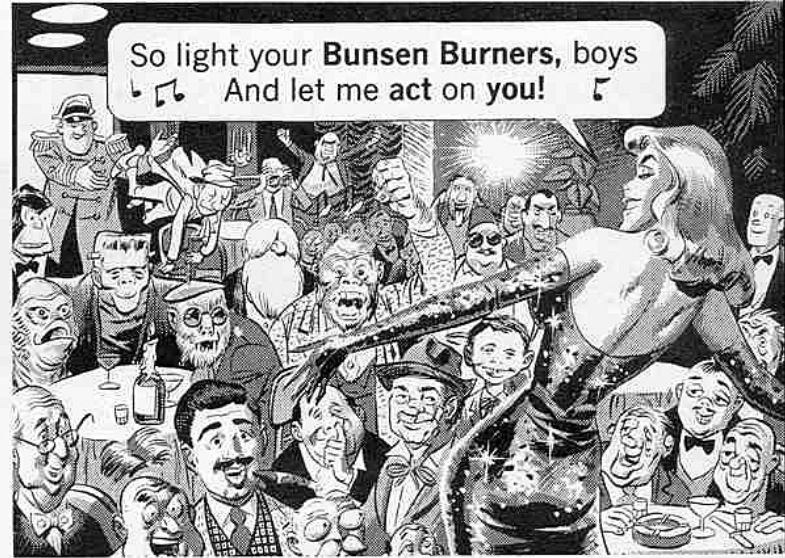
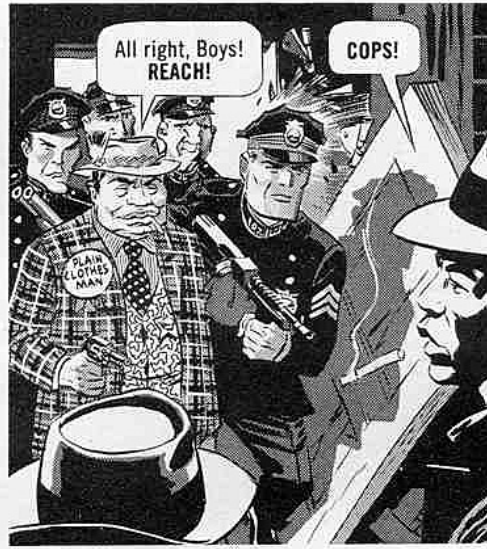


THE GIRLIE SHOW



THE COMIC STRIP

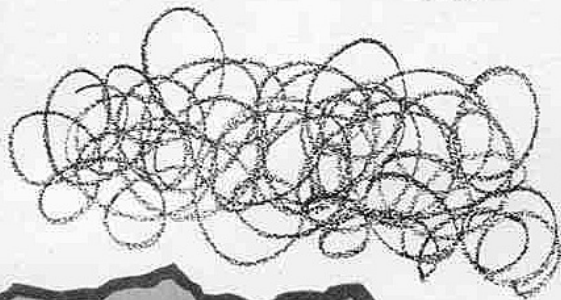




MEMO RANDOMS DEPT.

In the interests of scientific research, in the interests of getting high-class articles for **MAD**, and mainly in the interests of earning extra money, we took a part-time job cleaning up some big New York office buildings after hours. While scrounging through wastepaper baskets, we came up with a fascinating collection of unconscious scribblings which (with the aid of a 25¢ book on psychology) enabled us to present this revealing analysis of some famous people's . . .

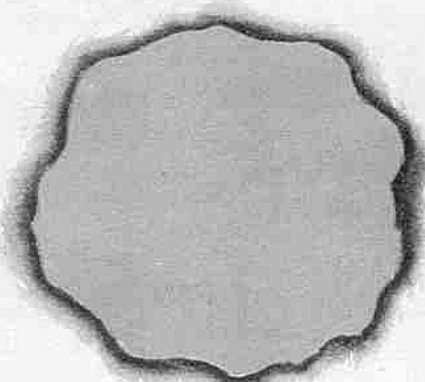
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR CITY OF NEW YORK



ROBERT F. WAGNER

Even in his unconscious moments, the Mayor is constantly concerned with the problems of his city, as this detailed sketch of New York's complicated highway system clearly indicates.

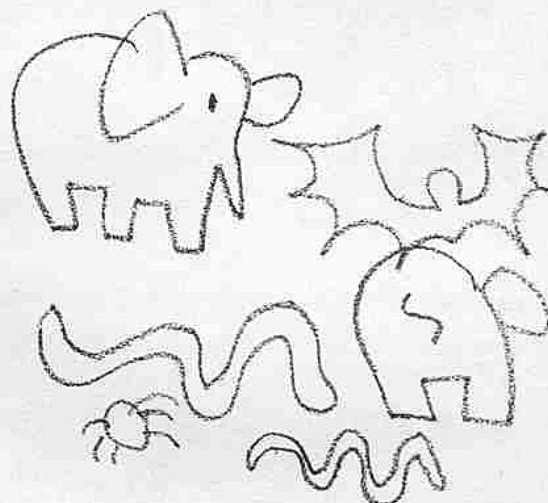
a person-to-person memo from . . .
EDWARD R. MURROW



EDWARD R. MURROW

We would have loved to analyze the doodles of so worldly and distinguished a man as Edward R. Murrow, but unfortunately some clod burned a hole in our sample with his fool cigarette.

From the desk of Joe E. Lewis

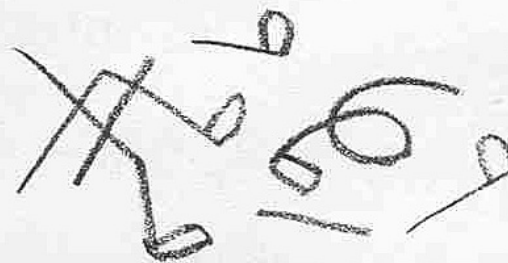


JOE E. LEWIS

These fine renderings of animals, resembling elephants, bats, snakes and stuff like that, show that Mr. Lewis has a vivid and fertile imagination, and definitely loves wild life.

Personal memorandum from

RICHARD M. NIXON



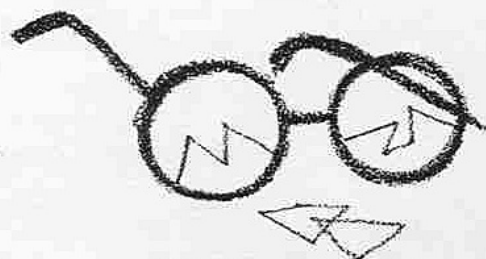
RICHARD M. NIXON

These drawings, resembling bent and broken golf clubs, apparently indicate Mr. Nixon's strong, frustrated desire to excel, or go a step further in some field, possibly sports.

SCRATCHPAD DOODLES

2CRAWL2 BY BOB CLARK

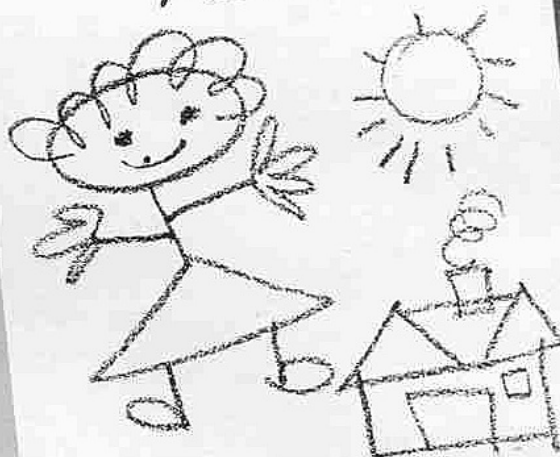
Last-minute Memo from the office of
ED SULLIVAN



ED SULLIVAN

There is no doubt that these broken glasses represent a violent desire of Mr. Sullivan's. After careful consideration of Ed's life and career, we've decided that, actually, he really wanted to be an Optometrist.

From the Studio of
Pablo Picasso



PABLO PICASSO

Artistically, these sketches could be a manifestation of Mr. Picasso's belief that all forms should be reduced to the utmost of simplicity, or else they could simply mean that the old boy's finally flipped his lid.

a gentle warning from . . .

FRANK COSTELLO ENTERPRISES



FRANK COSTELLO

This celebrity's over-emphasis and pre-occupation with crime and death symbols clearly shows his main love: curling up with a good mystery book.

From the desk of **ALFRED E. NEUMAN**



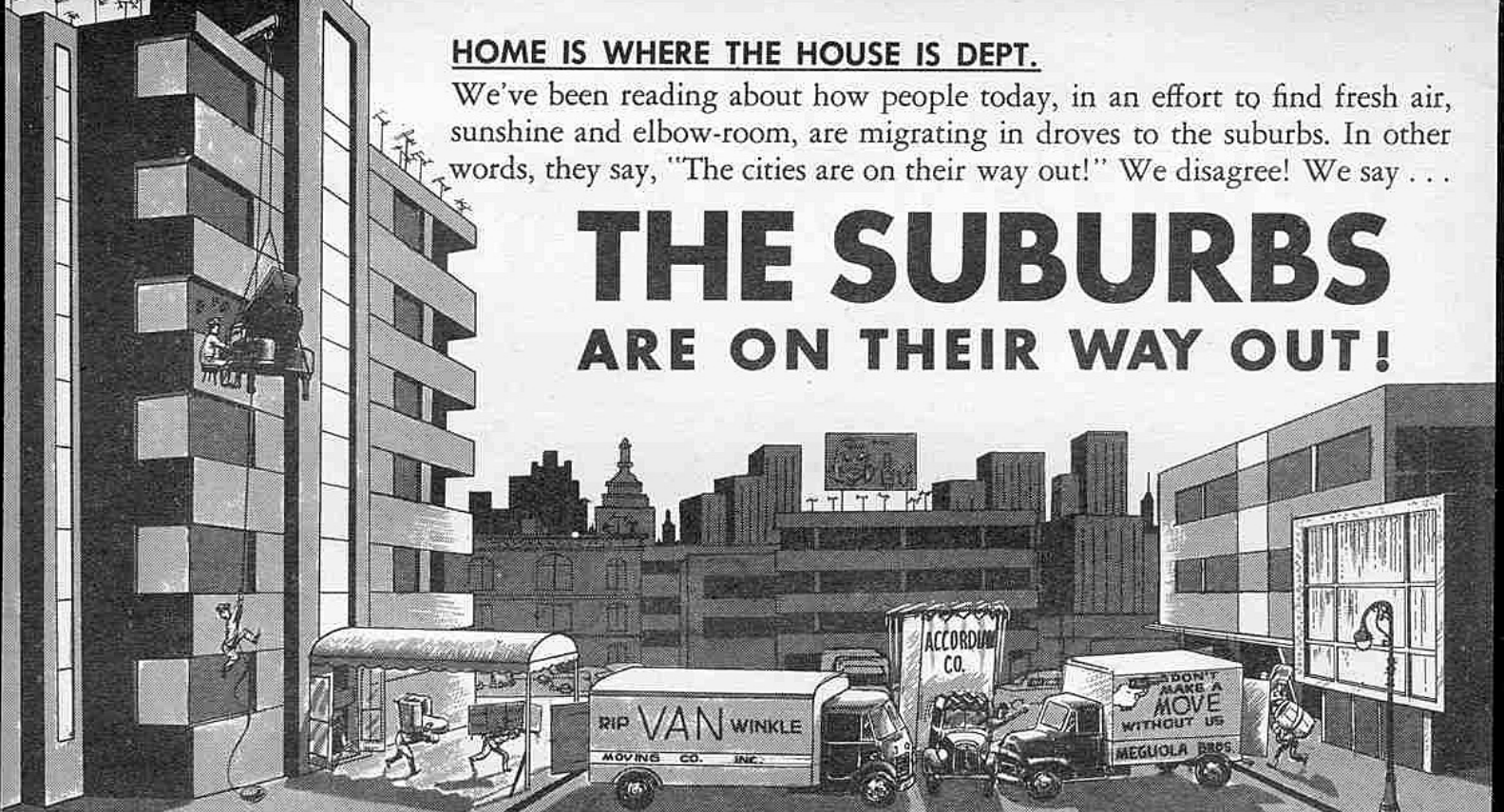
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

This is really a collector's item for anyone crazy enough to want to save doodles. Here is an example of a doodle of a person who not only doesn't worry, he hasn't even got one little unconscious thought!

HOME IS WHERE THE HOUSE IS DEPT.

We've been reading about how people today, in an effort to find fresh air, sunshine and elbow-room, are migrating in droves to the suburbs. In other words, they say, "The cities are on their way out!" We disagree! We say . . .

THE SUBURBS ARE ON THEIR WAY OUT!



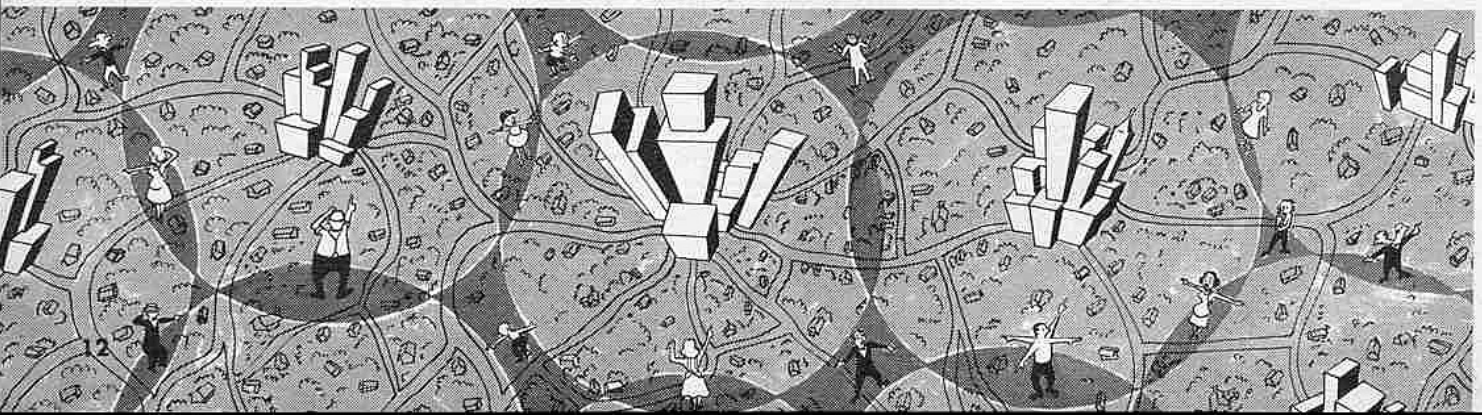
Let's look at the facts! It's true that more and more people are abandoning their upholstered cliff dwellings and moving out to little ranch houses in the suburbs.

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

And it's also true that, eventually, the city will be nothing more than a deserted ghost town each night after the business district has emptied out and closed down.



However, there will come a time when the suburbs will spread so far from the city, they'll finally merge with the suburbs of the neighboring city. The suburbanites will then be utterly baffled as to just which city they're actually suburban to.



The distance one commutes will be the yardstick by which a man's importance will be measured. We'll see ads like:

People will move so far out, they'll commute by train... to the airport...where they'll catch the commuter plane.

The Man of Distinction

lives way-the-heck-out . . .

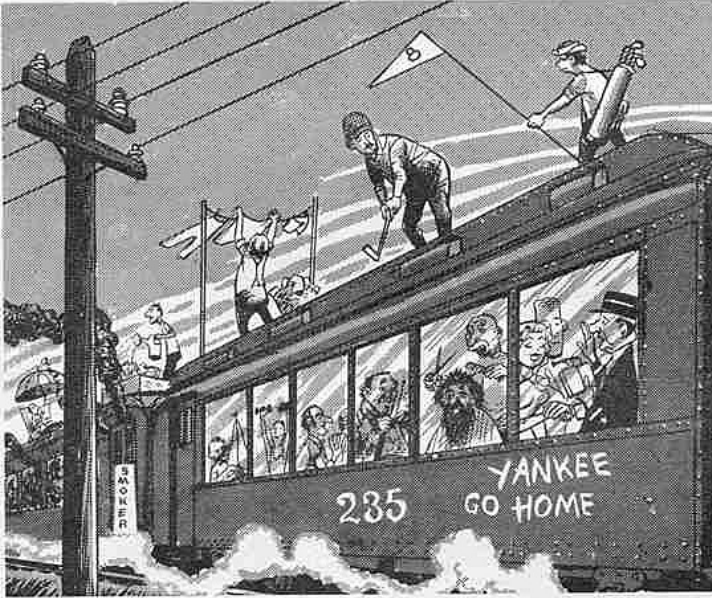


and drinks . . . *'Coco-Nut Milk'!*

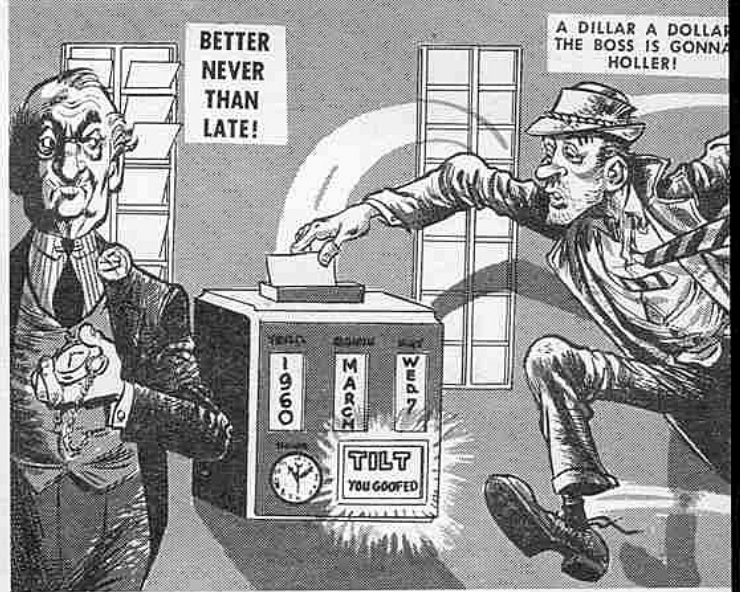
SUB-SUBURBIA



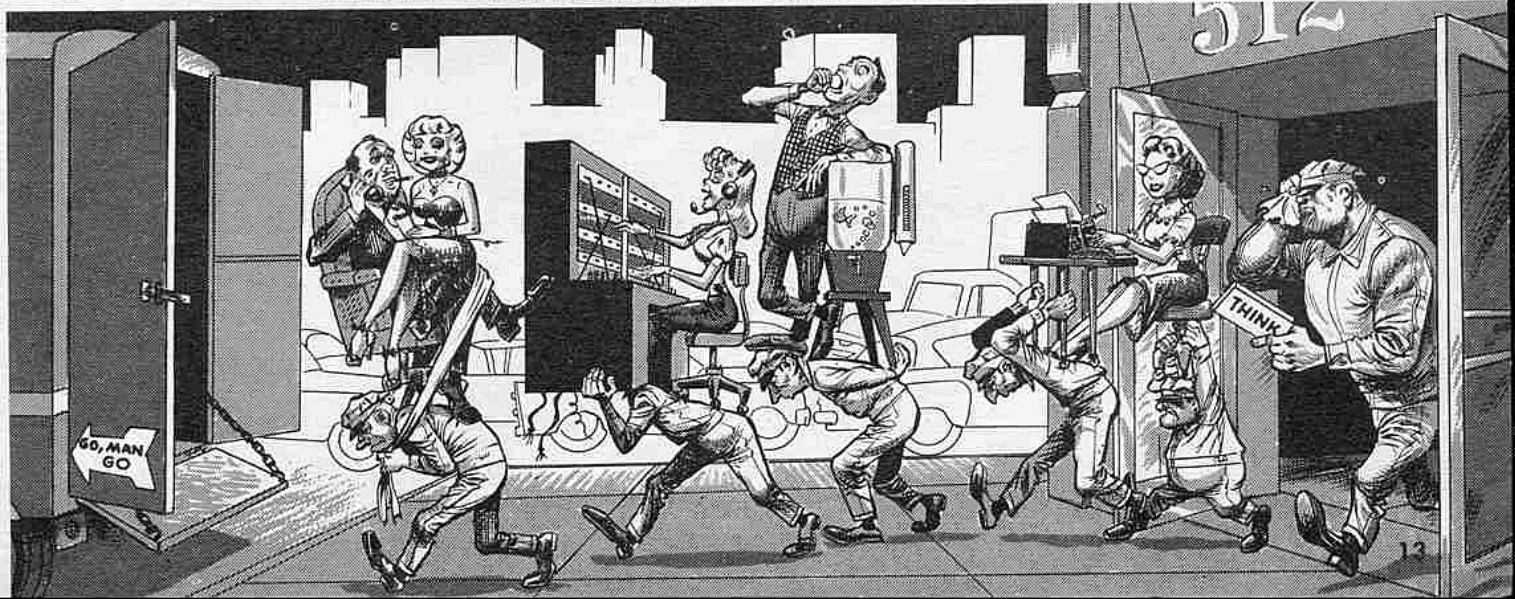
Business men will spend more hours commuting than working.

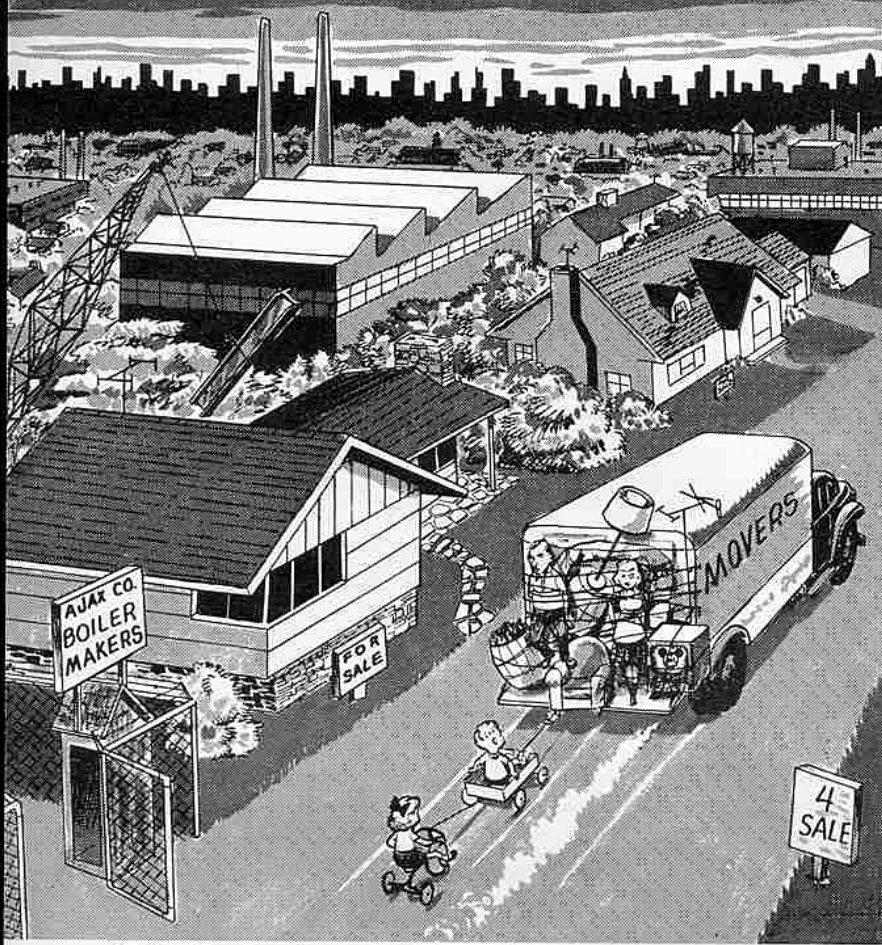


Getting to work late won't be measured in hours, but days.



And so, eventually, to meet this problem head-on, factories and offices, too, will be forced to abandon the cities and move to new locations far out in the suburbs.





**The Wayward Bus—AMERICAN AIRLINES

And before you know it, the crowded suburbs will become cities, and the abandoned cities will become suburbs, and people will be packing up and moving back for elbow-room.



So, like we said, the suburbs are on their way out! The cities will come alive again. Only difference will be that ex-suburbanites will have gotten used to one way of life . . . the ranch house. City apartment houses of the future will consist of ranch houses piled one on top of the other, with a mortgage separating each.

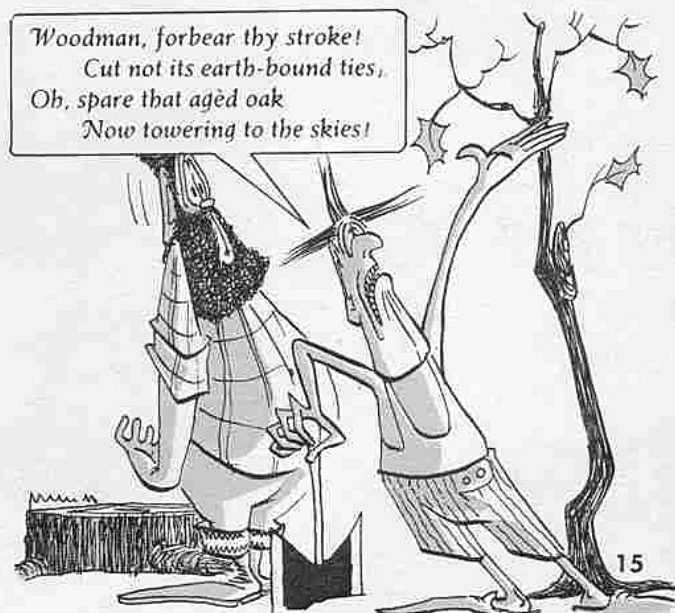
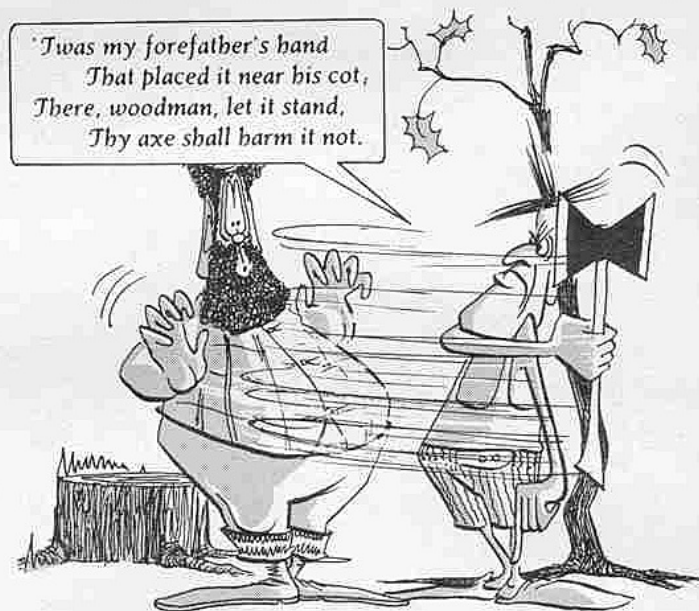
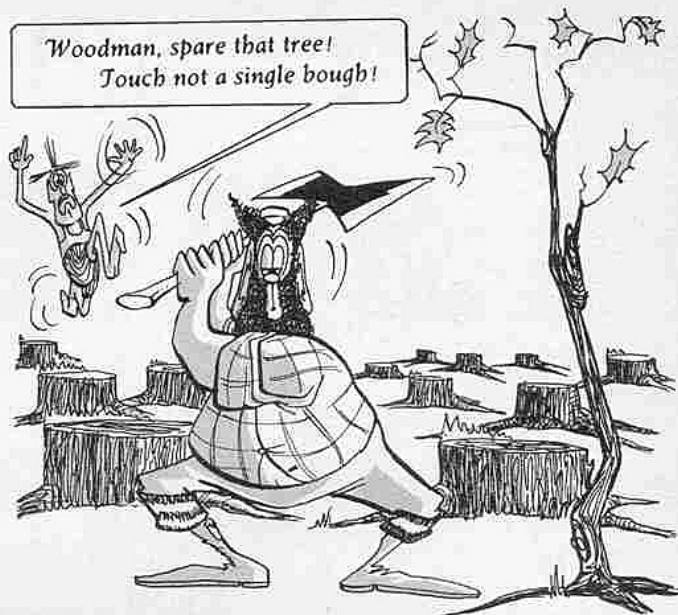
END

POETRY DEPT.

There is nothing as inspiring as a poem ...
unless it happens to inspire Don Martin!
F'rinstance here is his interpretation of

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

by George Pope Morris



When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.

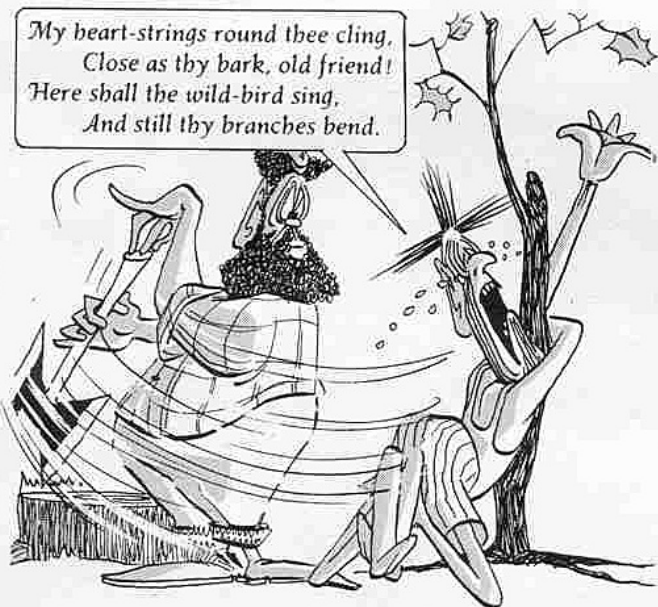


My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.



**Band of Angels—JAMES C. PETRILLO

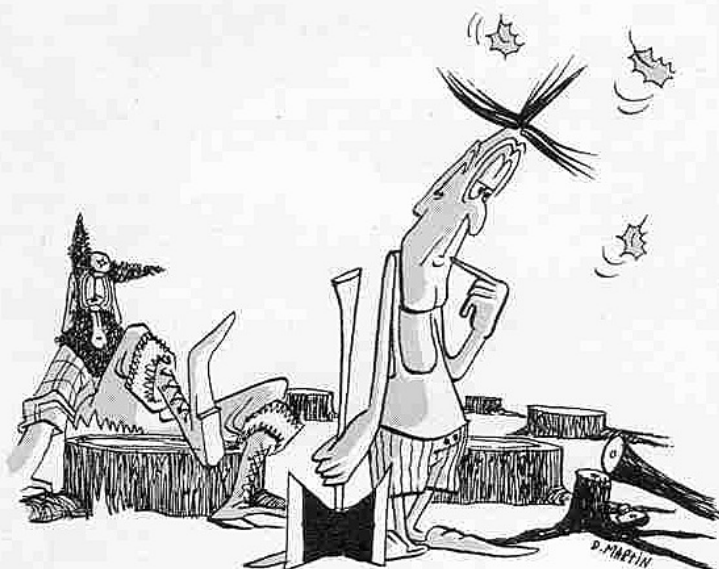
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.



Old tree! The storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave this spot.



While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.



THE BARD OF BIRDLAND DEPT.

Now that we've got you in a poetic mood, we figure it's a good opportunity to continue with our campaign of spreading culture by presenting another...

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

THE BALCONY SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET ACT II SCENE II

THE OLD VERSION

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO: (ASIDE) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's a Montague? it is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROMEO: I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth, I never will be Romeo.

JULIET: What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO: By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET: My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO: Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JULIET: How camest thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO: With love's light wings
Did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET: If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO: Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET: I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO: I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JULIET: By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROMEO: By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

THE MAD VERSION

JULIET: O, Romeo, Romeo! Where'd you hook this Romeo?
Put down your old man and lose that label;
Or, if you won't buy the bit, tell me I'm your chick,
And I'll, like, cut out from this Capulet scene.

ROMEO: (OFFBEAT) Shall I dig more, or shall I come on now?

JULIET: It's only your tag that hangs me up;
You're you, pops, even tho you pad with the Montagues.
What's this Montague ribble? It's no hand, foot,
Goatee, hot lips, or any other stuff
Belonging to a hipster. Man! Latch on to another tag!
What's in a tag? that which we call a horn
By any other sound would blow as cool;
So old Romeo, if they didn't pin him Romeo,
Would still be the end, and come on hip;
Romeo, stash that tag which doesn't swing,
And, like, start to make it
With me instead, hear?

ROMEO: I get the message, lover.
Call me your boy, and I'll blow a new sound;
Tomorrow, I ditch this Romeo jazz.

JULIET: Who are you, man, that comes from left-field
To horn in on my solo?

ROMEO: By a label
I know not how to clue you in;
My label, baby doll, is unhip to me,
Because it bugs you the most;
Had I inked it, I would snag the bit.

JULIET: My lobes have not yet dug a hundred notes
Of your jive, but, like, I'm woke to your sound;
Man, aren't you old Romeo, from the Montague combo?

ROMEO: Neither, chick, if you don't groove their group.

JULIET: How'd you make it here, hip me? and how come?
Like, the walls are crazy big and wild to scale;
And the scene uncool for you, Daddy-O,
If any of the brass catch your act.

ROMEO: I'm high on this love kick
So, like, I flew over this ribble,
For love can come on in any groove;
'Cause nothing stops its frantic beat;
That's why your group don't bug me, hear?

JULIET: If they spot you, Buster, they'll konk you out.

ROMEO: Fan it! there's more action in your crazy red eyes
Than twenty of their switch-blades; just look cool,
And I can buck their jazz.

JULIET: I don't want those cats to dig you here.

ROMEO: I have night's drape to black me out;
Just have eyes for me, and let them pull me in;
My life were better busted by their noise,
Then if I couldn't have a ball with you.

JULIET: Who finked on how to find my shack?

ROMEO: Love, baby, love first bugged me to plea;
It put me wise, and I stayed with it.
I'm only a sideman; but if your pad were
Over in Jersey,
I would make the scene for such crazy action.

BIG BROTHER IS MOTIVATING YOU DEPT.

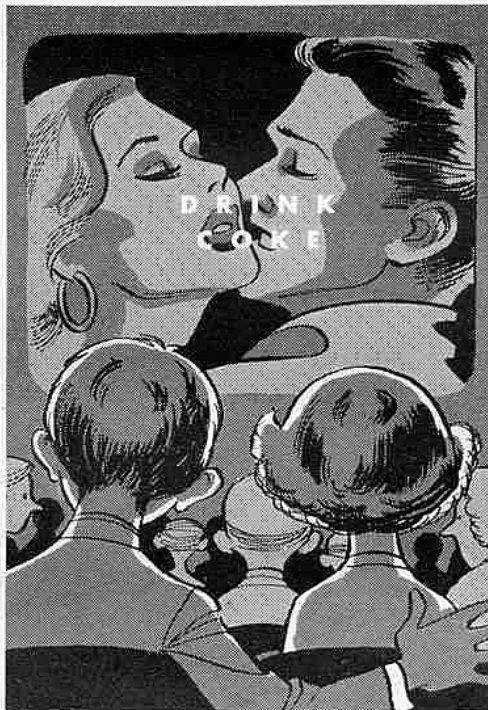
Whether it's magazines, TV, billboards, or even MAD T-shirts, wherever we look these days there's an advertisement. Up to now, we've had the prerogative of reading these ads if we so desired. But now, Madison Avenue has come up with a new advertising technique... officially known as subliminal projection. *We* call it

SNEAKY

HOW IT WORKS...



What happens is, you're sitting in a theater, watching this movie, when...



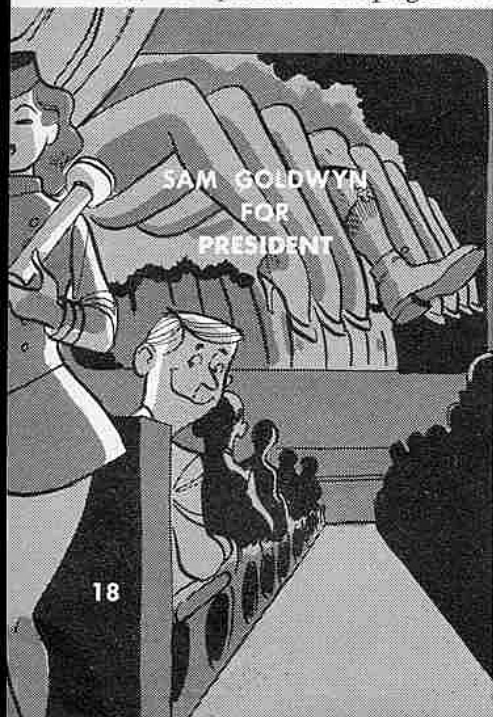
Suddenly, an advertisement is flashed on the screen for 1/3000 of a second.



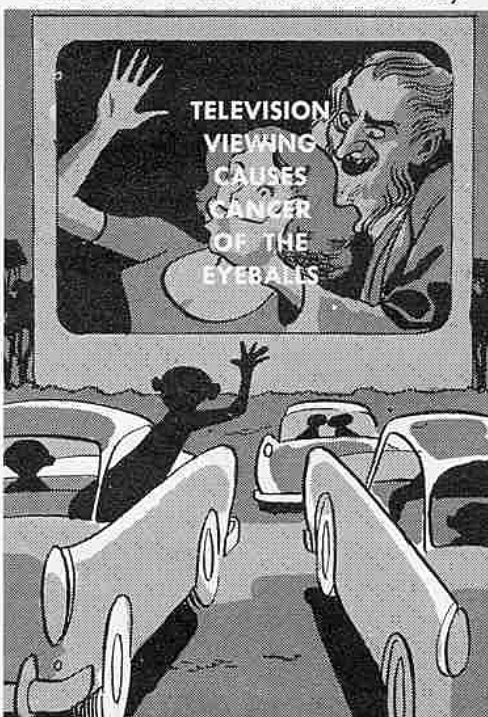
This message is flashed so fast, you are not even consciously aware of it.

HOW IT CAN BE USED...

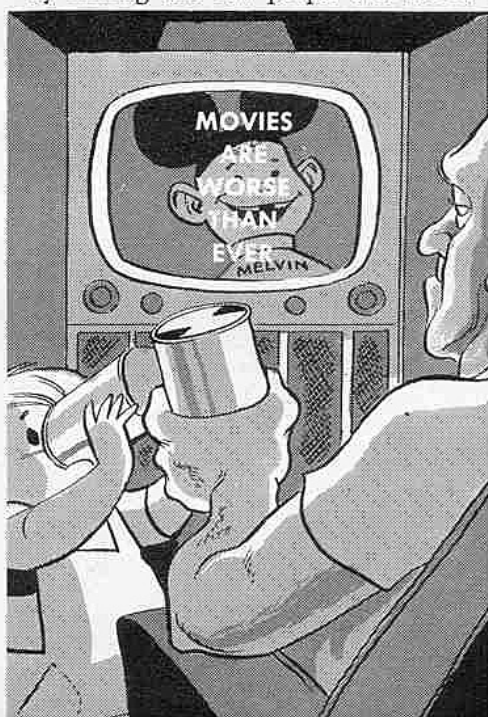
Think of the potential uses for this kind of sneaky advertising. Like for instance, in political campaigns...



Or like if the Movie Industry wanted to eliminate competition by dealing a death-blow to the Television Industry.



Unless the Television Industry wanted to render that possible use harmless by making sure few people ever see it.

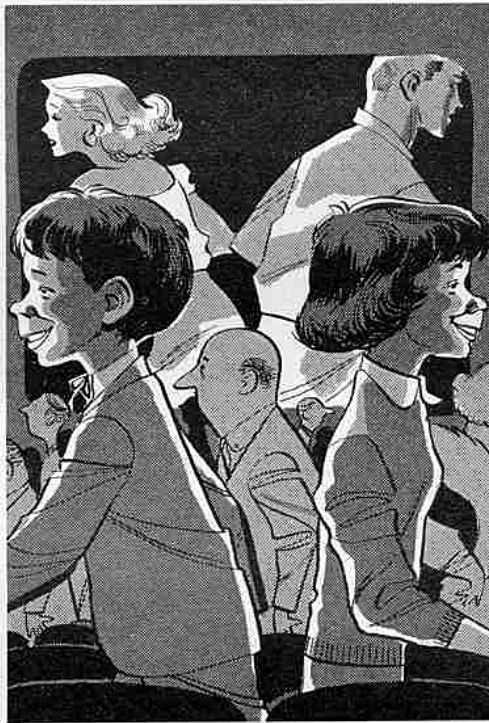


ADVERTISEMENTS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



But... *hoo-hah!* Your unconscious mind is plenty aware! It read the message!

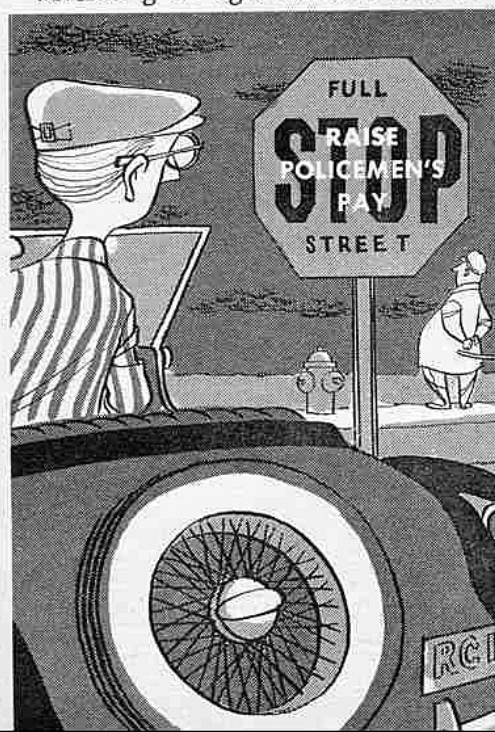


And now, you suddenly have an amazing craving to drink a bottle of "Coke"!

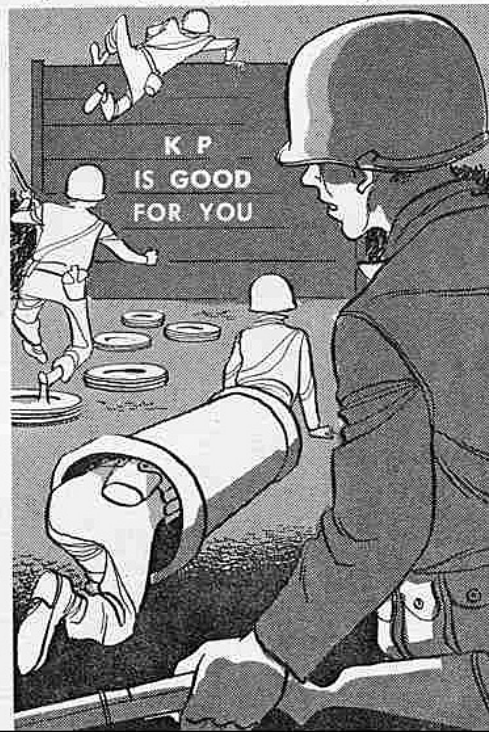


This is amazing mainly because all of your life you've always hated "Coke"!

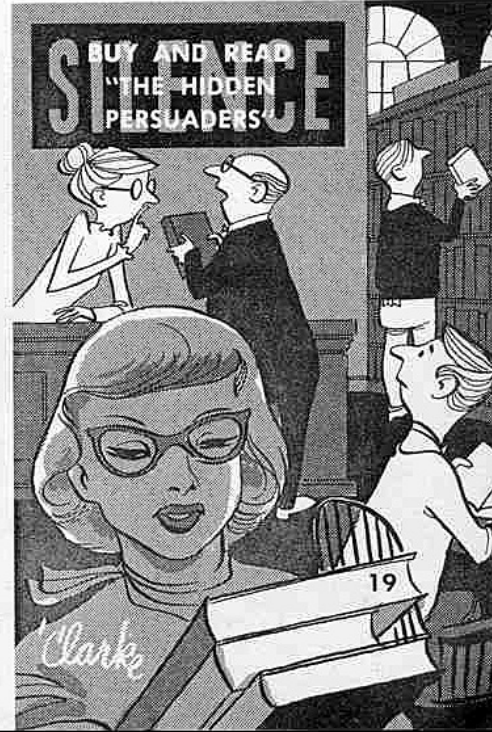
Then there's always the use special-interest groups could make of sneaky advertising on signs we *must* look at.



The Army could solve one of its big problems and keep the GI morale high by strategically placed suggestions.



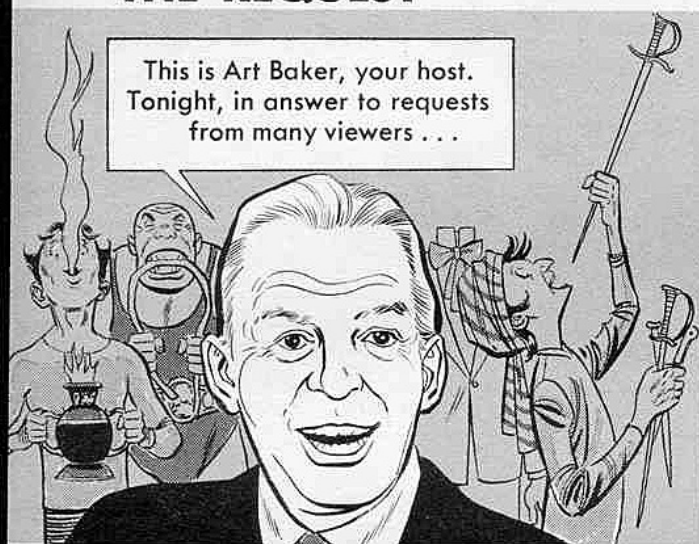
And best of all, some sneaky ads here and there, and people could be influenced into reading good books again.



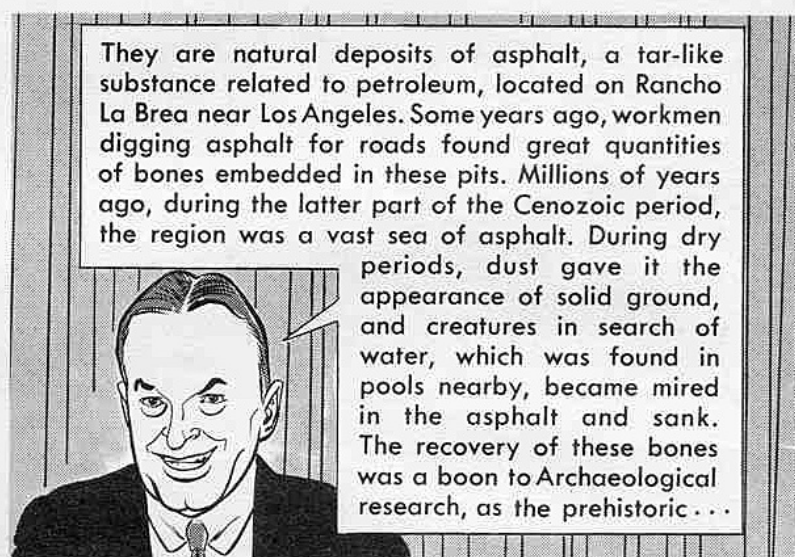


SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

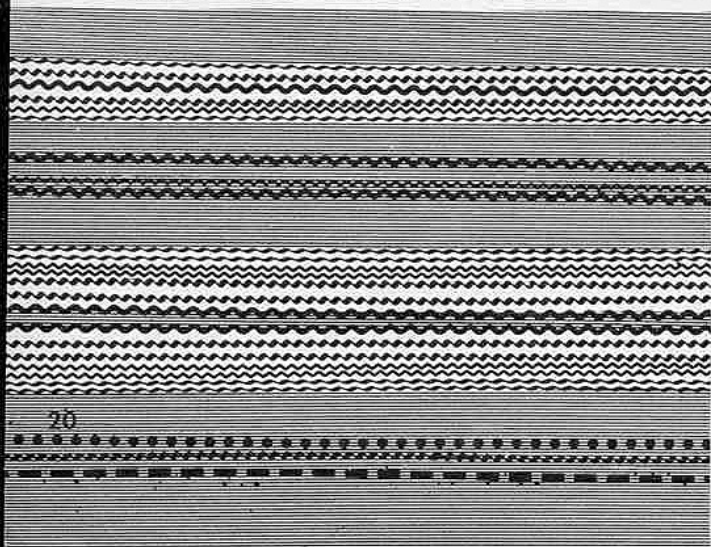
THE REQUEST



THE LOCAL JOKE



THE LOUSY PICTURE

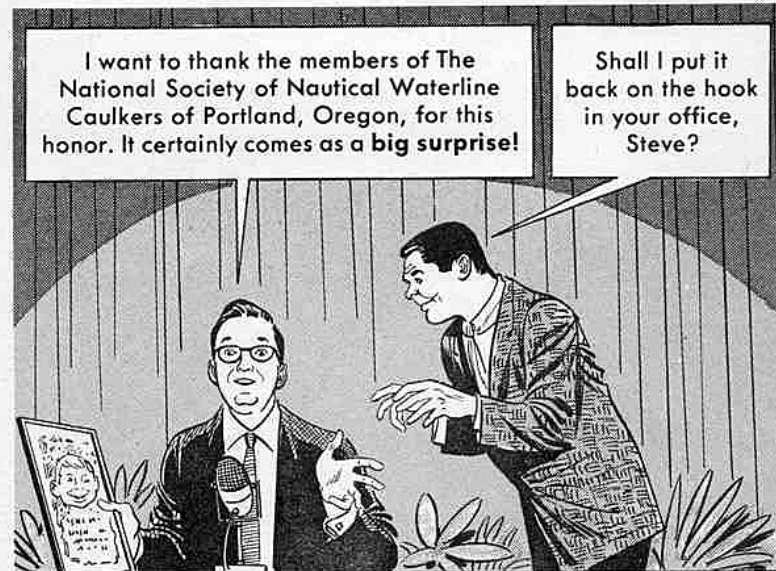
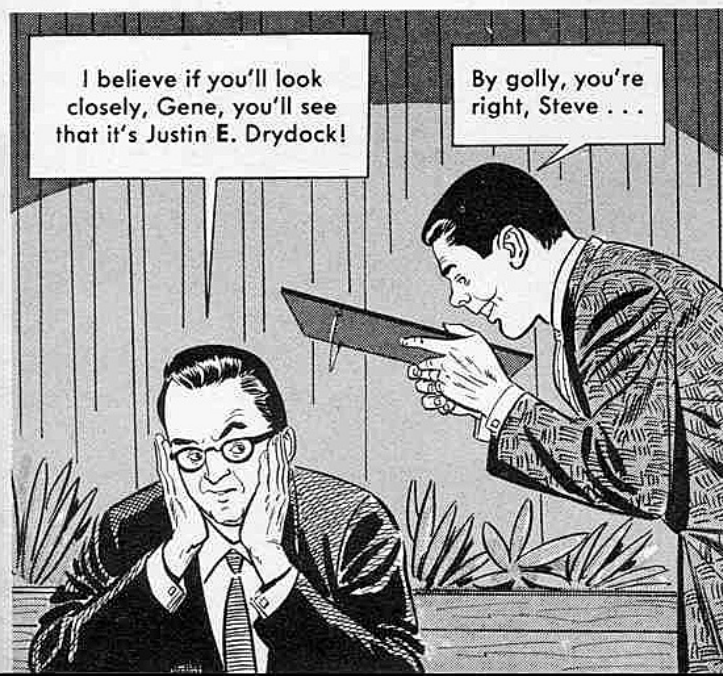
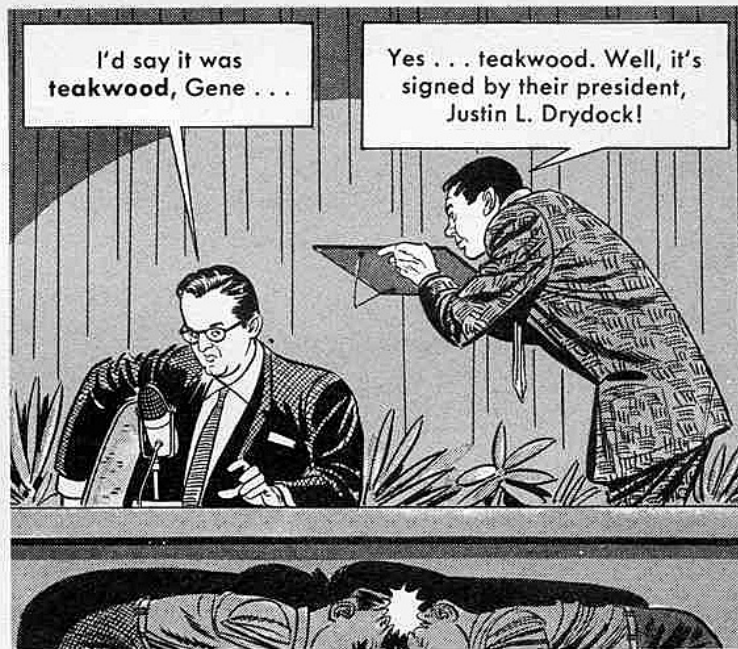
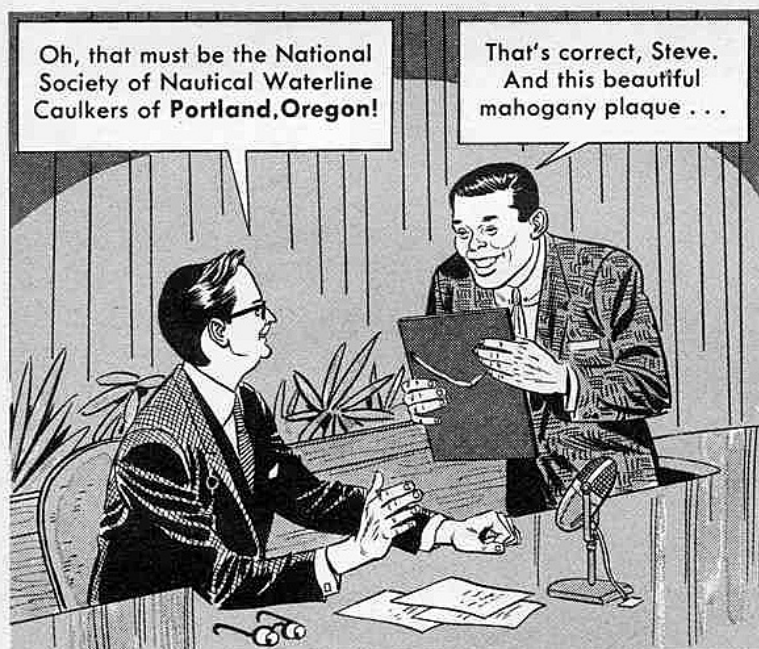
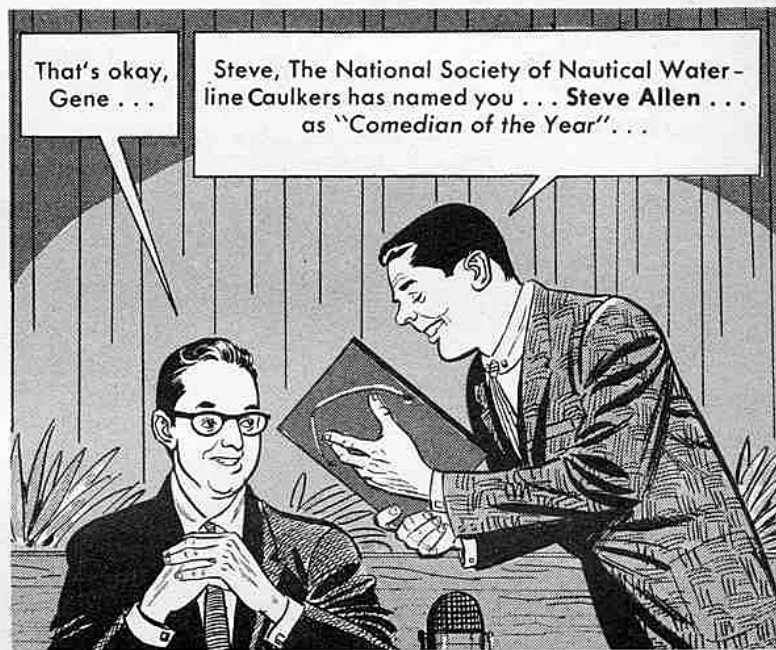


THE TROUBLE IS NOT
WITH THE NETWORK
NOR IS IT WITH
THE STATION!

**PLEASE ADJUST
YOUR SET**

THE AWARD

*The Joker is Wild—BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS



HIGH "C", LOW NECKLINE DEPT.

With album covers looking more and more like pocket-book covers every day, we figure the record companies might as well go all-out, hire some pocket-book cover copywriters, and give a real shot in the arm to . . .

OPERA REC

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

Salome

by Richard Strauss



The raw story of a stripper of by-gone days, and the "John" who lost his head over her . . .

FAUST

By Gounod

FIRST, THE OLD DOCTOR FED THE FLAME OF DESIRE
BURNING WITHIN THE PASSIONATE MARGUERITE . . .



THEN HE WENT TO HELL WITH HIMSELF

PAGLIACCI

By Leoncavallo

He beat his way to the top, still they ridiculed him.
Even his passionate wife called him a "clown".



But he had the last laugh!

SAMSON AND DELILAH

By Saint-Saëns



He was a longhair . . . she was a cut-up . . .
And he was helpless in her arms when
her passionate fingers quickly removed
his strength to resist!

ORD ALBUMS

Madam Butterfly

By Puccini

*Was this delicate woman really a madam?
What was the handsome young Navy man after?*



*Only in hot, mysterious Japan could a
story as passionate as this be told!*

CARMEN

*A hot-blooded woman scorns
the true love of a soldier for
the deft maneuvers
of a famous
bull-thrower*

by
Bizet

*Only in wild, carefree Spain could a
story as passionate as this be told!*



HANSEL and GRETEL

By Humperdinck



*The hunger of their flaming youth tempted
this young couple into a forbidden adventure
in the dark, mystic forest*

The Barber of Seville

By Rossini

*It
was a
close shave
for Dr. Bartolo,
guardian of the passionate
Rosina, when Figaro, who lived
by the blade, came into their home.*

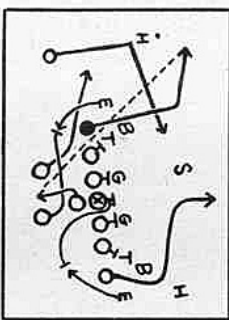


Take our advice and skip this article because you

two yard line and knocked him over for the tally, because Clodd was running the wrong way.

Neuman rooters roared when Clodd's extra-point kick sailed right between the goal posts. However, their joy was short-lived when it turned out to be his shoe. The ball was later found in a tuba of the Balli High School Band.

Coach Thurl Mushé's key play, pictured below, proved ineffective against the overpowering Baii 4-man line. Mrs. Ophelia Arabesque, however, feels that it can be put to good use by her Ballet Class.



Ineffective Key Play.

SPRING DANCE TO BE HELD IN GYMNASIUM

Despite wild protests from Libby Sue Sanders and Jan Miner, Co-Chairmen of the Student Planning Committee, Principal Horace P. Ezekiel announced yesterday that the Annual Spring Dance will be held in that smelly old school gymnasium again this year as were the twenty-two previous Spring Dances.

Highlight of Saturday's game comes when Clyde Clodd scores for the Neuman "Black and Blue." Number 49 is teammate Georgie San Georgio.

MATH CLUB DISSOLVED

Class presidents met in an emergency meeting of the Student Council last week in order to decide what was to be done about the Math Club. According to club president Ronald Klutz, the Math

T.V. STAR TO ADDRESS SENIOR CLASS ASSEMBLY



Rocky Graziano, popular television personality, will address the Senior Class assembly next Friday. His topic will be "The Importance of Going to College." Students with questions concerning this or related subjects are requested not to embarrass the guest speaker by demanding direct answers, as he's had enough trouble memorizing his speech.

group had been unable to discover the mathematical error in their financial records which could explain the mysterious loss of \$75.00 from the original \$80.00 allotted them by the G. O. for club expenses. Wearing a stylish Hart, Schaffner and Marx suit, Klutz addressed the Council with a trembling (Continued on page 4)

PTA AWARDS 3 SCHOLARSHIPS Patrusky, Bollo, and Mackwitzel Chosen

At its monthly meeting last Tuesday evening, the Neuman High School PTA announced the names of the three outstanding seniors chosen for this year's Annual PTA Scholarships. Those honored were Shirley Pat-



rusky, Louis Bollo, and John Mackwitzel. After a lengthy controversy, during which such phrases as 'partiality' and 'biased' were emphasized frequently, the awards were finally made.

(See photo below)

BLACK & BLUE WINS AWARD

The Neuman Black and Blue team is soon to be awarded The Columbia School of Journalism's Certificate of Merit for Accuracy in Typography.

New G. O. Officers Galtzer, Howard and Walters. So, what else is new?

PRINCIPAL SAYS "NO!"

School Principal Horace P. Ezekiel yesterday informed The Arista, Neuman's Scholastic Honor Society, that their request to take over the administration of the school had been turned down. Timothy C. Snodgrass, Arista president cried hysterically for twenty minutes when news of the denial reached him.

DRAMA GROUP SET FOR TWO PRESENTATIONS

The Neuman High School Thespians, under the able direction of Drama Coach Dr. Sam Katzman, are presently rehearsing two outstanding plays which they plan to stage early next month. The group has chosen one classic offering and one contemporary favorite this year. Tickets are available at the regular student price of 45¢ for each presentation. Advance sales reports show "Antigone" by Sophocles with 3 tickets sold, and "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" by Tennessee Williams with 2,079 tickets sold, which seems to indicate a trend.

...see you holding this magazine sideways while you read MAD's version of a typical...

HIGH SCHOOL PAPER

DON'T THROW
AWAY YOUR
SENIOR BUTTONS

THE NEUMAN HIGH SCHOOL Black and Blue

FINAL EXAMS
ARE COMING
NEXT WEEK

Vol. 12

"It's crackers to slip a rozzler the dropsy in snide."

No. 2

BALI HIGH STOPS NEUMAN ELEVEN 73-6

Clodd scores all Neuman's Points with aid of San Georgio

In a sensational scoring run, Clyde Clodd, Neuman second-string halfback, emerged as the hero of Saturday's big game, with fullback Georgie San Georgio sharing his honors. Although Bali High won the annual grudge game for the fourteenth consecutive year '76-6, nevertheless it was a moral victory for Neuman High, mainly because this was the first year our guys ever crossed a goal line against them.

A deafening roar emerged from the crowd as Clodd hit the end zone for the touchdown, because another fist fight had started in the stands. When local police finally restored order, Clodd was seen leading the cheer leaders in a rousing "loco-motive" in his honor.

The scoring play itself might not have happened but for the quick thinking of Georgie San Georgio, who tackled Clyde Clodd.

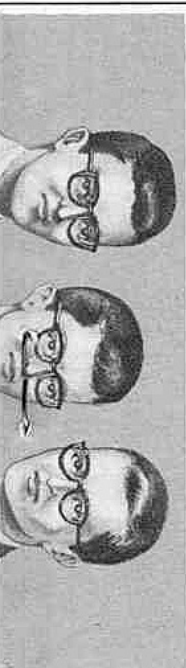


GALITZER ELECTED G.O. PRESIDENT HOWARD VICE-PRESIDENT, WALTERS, SECRETARY

With the final tally in, it is now a certainty that Seymour Galtzer has been elected President of this term's General Organization, along with

F. Scott Howard taking the Vice-President's seat, and Omar K. Walters nailing down the Secretary's slot. Unfortunately, a photograph of the new G. O. officers was unobtainable at press-time, but below is a substitute taken last term

when Galtzer was elected Vice-President; Howard, Secretary; and Walters, President. Unless maybe it's from the term before when Galtzer was elected Secretary; Howard, President, and Walters, Vice-President.

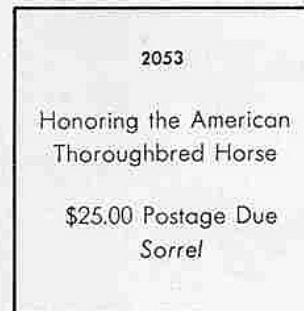
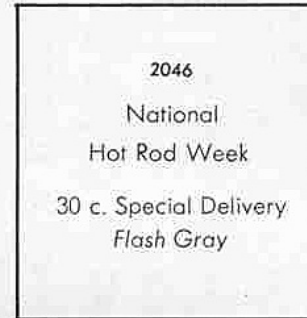




POSTAGE OVERDUE DEPT.

Each year, Congress is asked to approve the designs for hundreds of commemorative stamps. Unfortunately, only a few of these are ever authorized for printing and distribution. The rest will never feel the wet side of a tongue. Since we at MAD feel that all artistic endeavors should be publicized, here are some rejected

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



..Don't Knock The Rock - THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.



COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS



2062
National
Chihuahua
Week
½ c. Beige



2067
25th Anniversary of
the End of Prohibition
25 c.
Burgundy

2068
Melvin Cowznofski's
43rd Birthday
10 c.
Black and Blue





BOB

BOB AND RAY DEPT.

And now, make believe it's a Sunday afternoon and even though it's a beautiful day outside, you're inside... because you don't have to go outside when you can enjoy how it is outside inside by watching your television set, and programs like this Bob and Ray version of

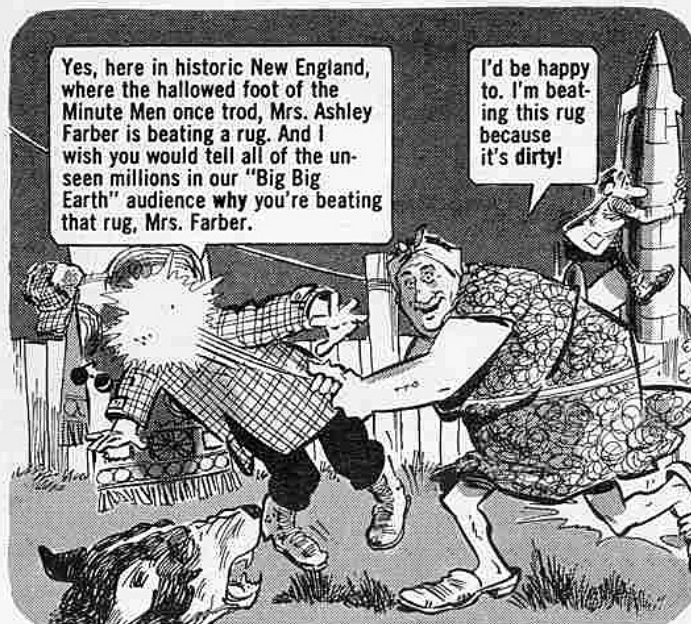
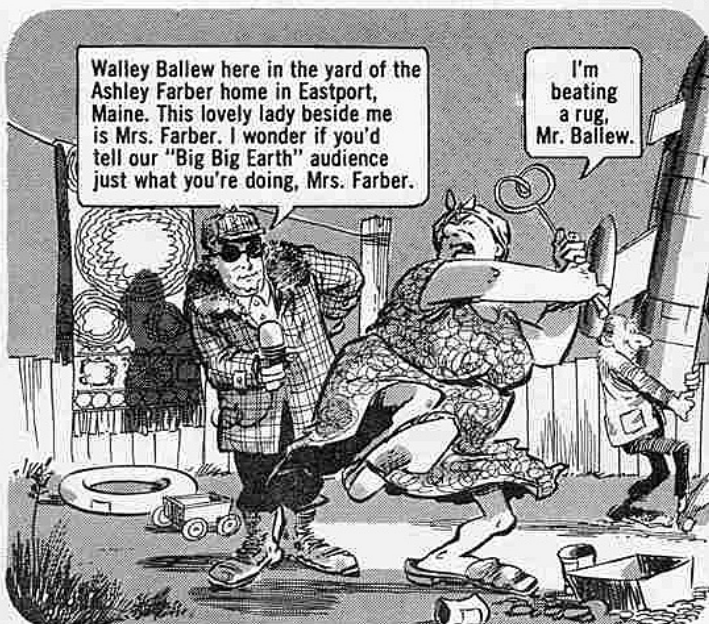


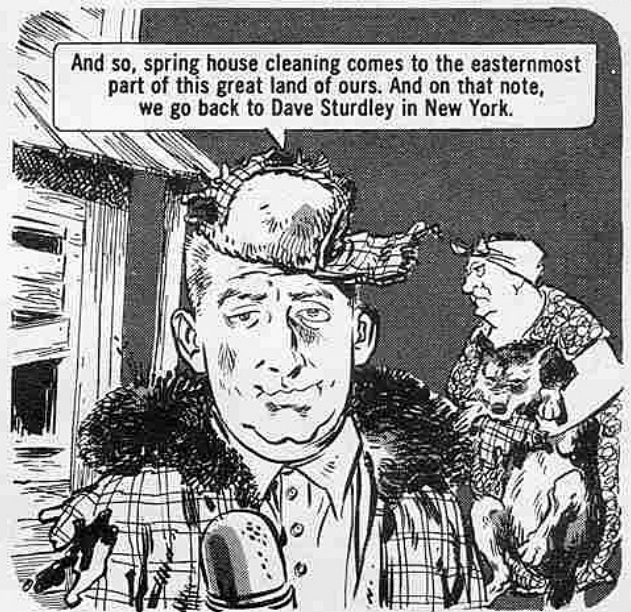
RAY

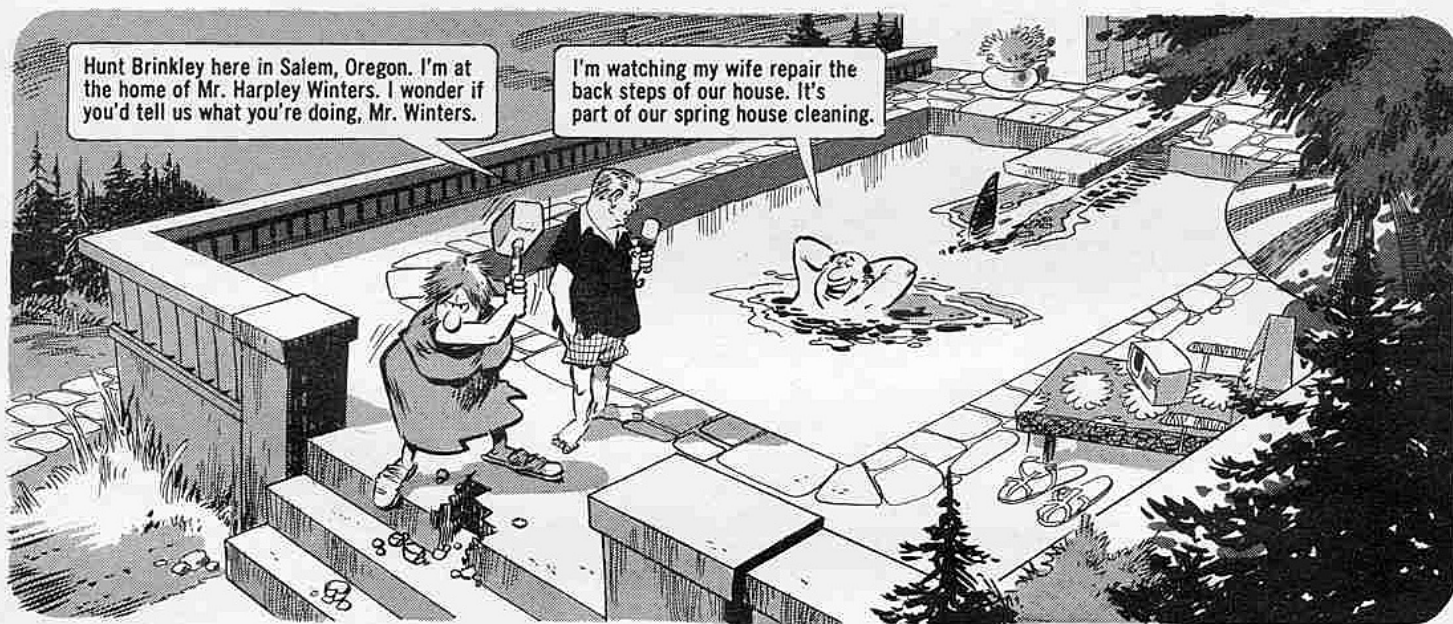
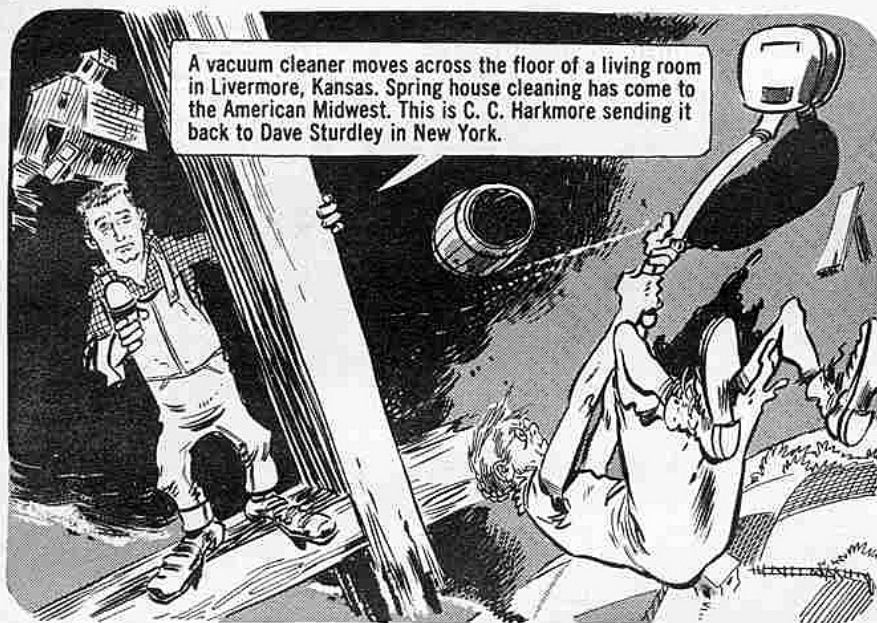
BIG BIG EARTH



PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER







PATENT PENDING DEPT.

Most people think that great inventors always know exactly what they're inventing when they're inventing something. But that just isn't so. Take MAD f'rinstance. We started out to

publish a serious intellectual-type magazine, and now look at it! That's what happened with most of the so-called great inventions we take so much for granted. Actually, they were only...

ACCIDENTAL INVENTIONS

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO

Back in the days of primitive man, one wise joker decided to invent something entirely new . . . a door to his cave . . .

Trouble was, the cave entrance was round, and his "door" kept slipping away from him and rolling down the hill . . .



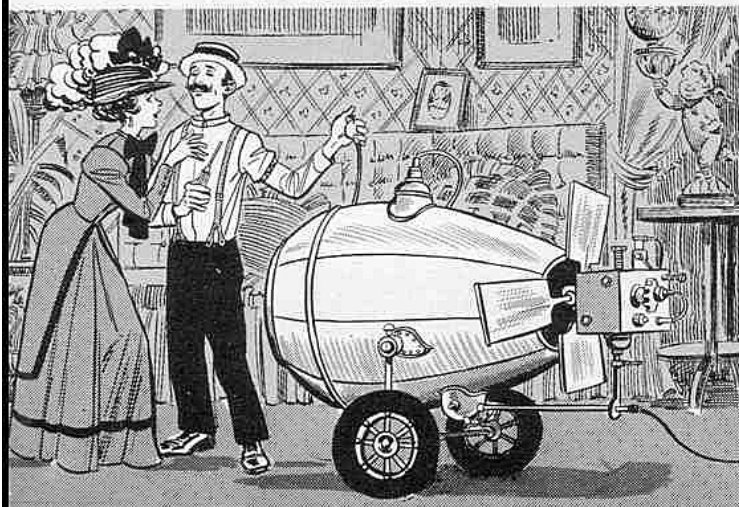
One clever fellow tried to invent a faster telegraph key.

He used too tight a spring, and got a different message.

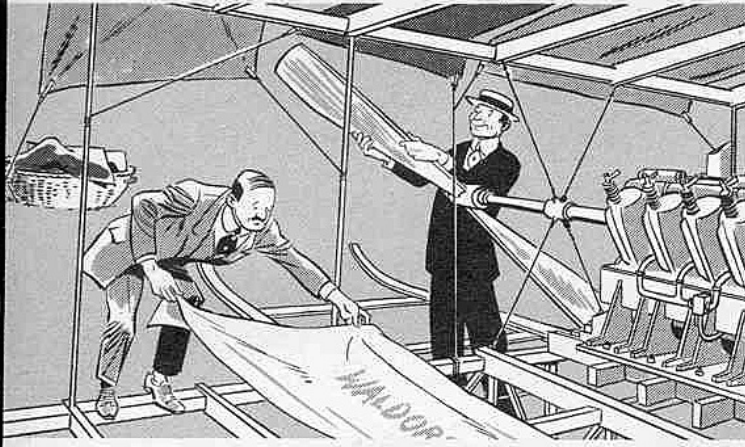


This inventor built the first portable air-conditioner . . .

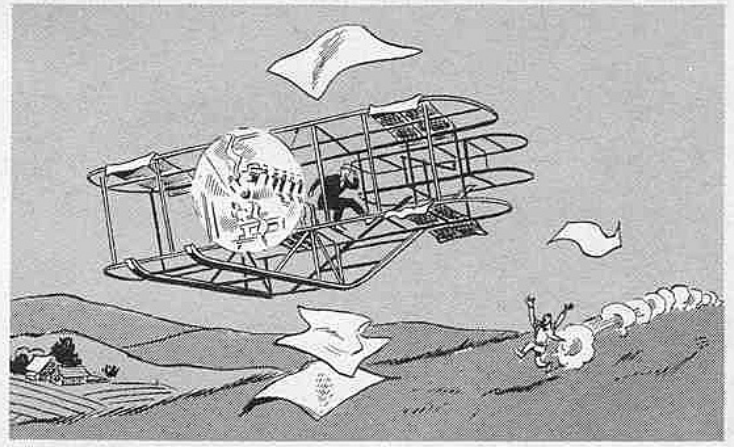
and discovered that he'd put the fan motor in backwards.



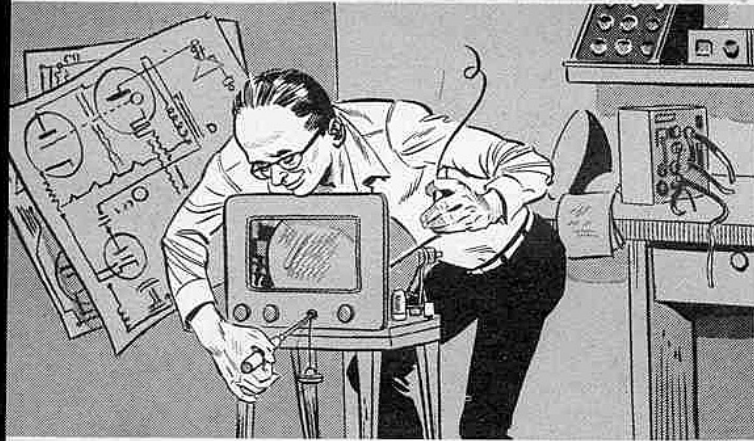
Two brothers had a revolutionary idea for a blanket-drier.



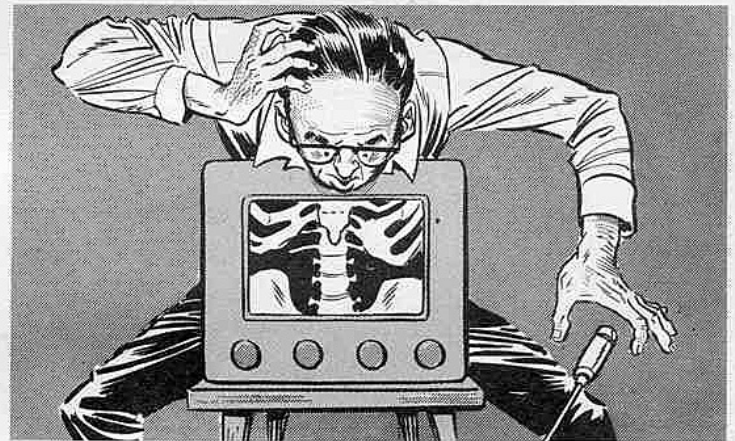
When they tried it, the blankets were left high, not dry.



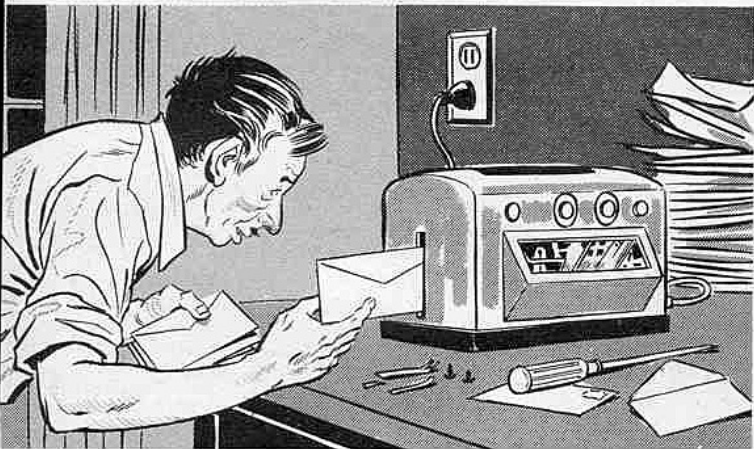
This genius decided he'd build the first television set . . .



Only in the process, he accidentally got his rays crossed.



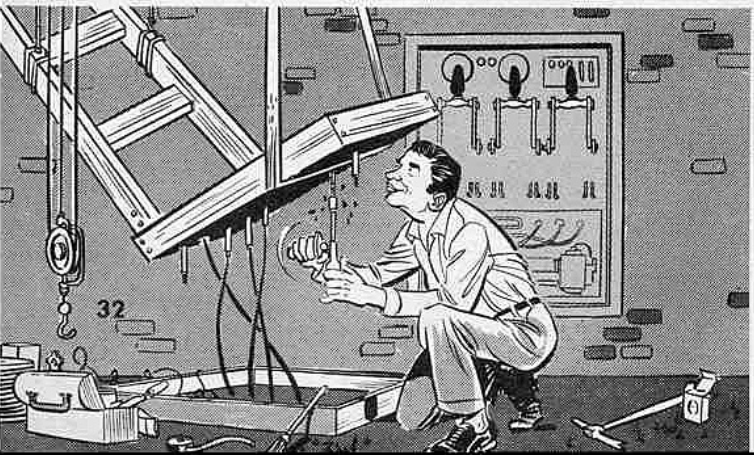
A fellow worked for years on an electric envelope sealer.



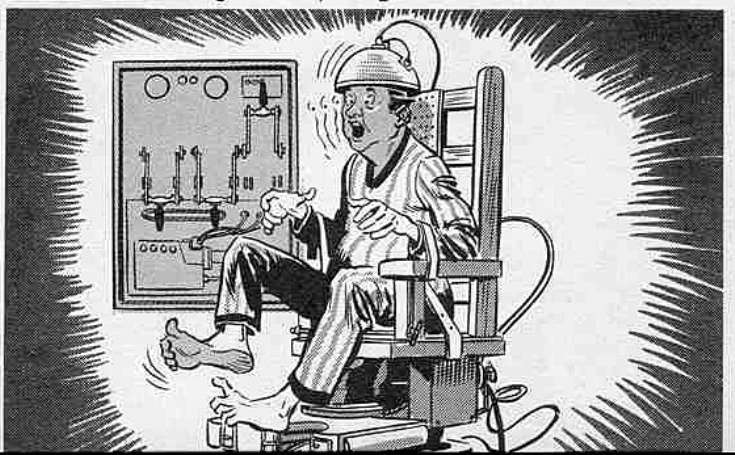
The first time he tested it out, another idea popped up.



One man thought he'd invent a machine that would relax tense muscles and help increase the circulation of blood.



Unfortunately, when he tried it out, he discovered he was all wet. And being all wet, he got the shock of his life.



PLAY'S THE THING DEPT.

Once everybody gets through introducing everybody else at a party (MAD #38), it's time to play party games (MAD #39). Most people say they hate party games, but down deep they all love a chance to make fools of themselves (MAD!).

That's why party games today are either stupid, endless, or ... pointless. And that's also why we are just the ones to suggest these completely new ...

PARTY GAMES

PARTY GAME No. 1

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

The game of "Inferiory Complex" is planned before the party starts. The host phones each guest and says that they will be playing "Inferiory Complex" at the party and that, for example, Edwin, will be "it". This gives the guests ample time to think of things to say or do to Edwin which will make him feel inferior.



Edwin, who is "it", arrives at 9:30 P.M. Rest of guests deliberately delay arrival till 10. Host, dripping wet from shower, greets Edwin. Edwin fears he got time wrong, apologizes for being early, and begins to feel inferior.



At 10, rest of guests arrive wearing sweatshirts and blue jeans. Edwin thinks he had been told to wear a tuxedo. It is now too late for him to change, so Edwin shrinks into corner, feeling very out of place and even more inferior.

At 12 midnight, all the guests (except Edwin) suddenly bring out gayly-wrapped packages and start singing "Happy Birthday" to host. Edwin thinks he has committed social blunder by not bringing gift to birthday party, and is well on way to acquiring deep-seeded inferiority complex.

Rest of evening is spent either by ignoring Edwin, or by making him the butt of practical jokes and snide remarks. Game officially ends at 1 A.M., when guests all look for Edwin to tell him it was all in fun. Edwin will be glad to hear this, unless he has taken it all too seriously ...

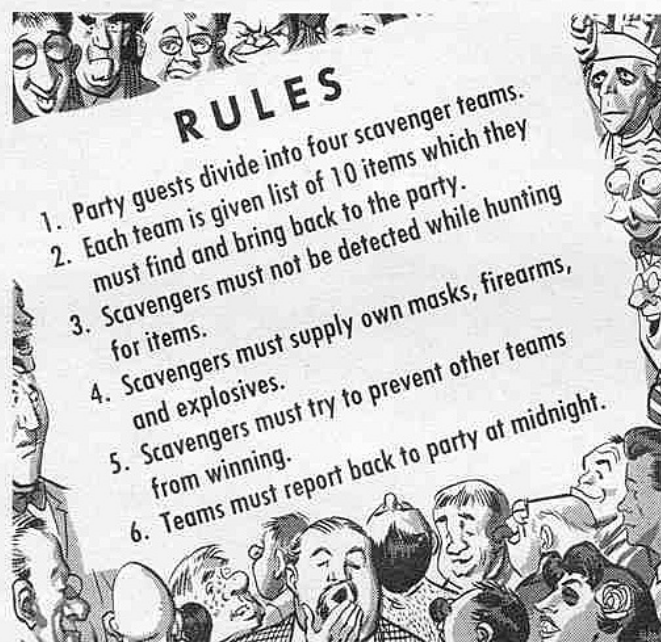


PARTY GAME No. 2

**Game of Love—PARKER BROS.

Super Scavenger Hunt

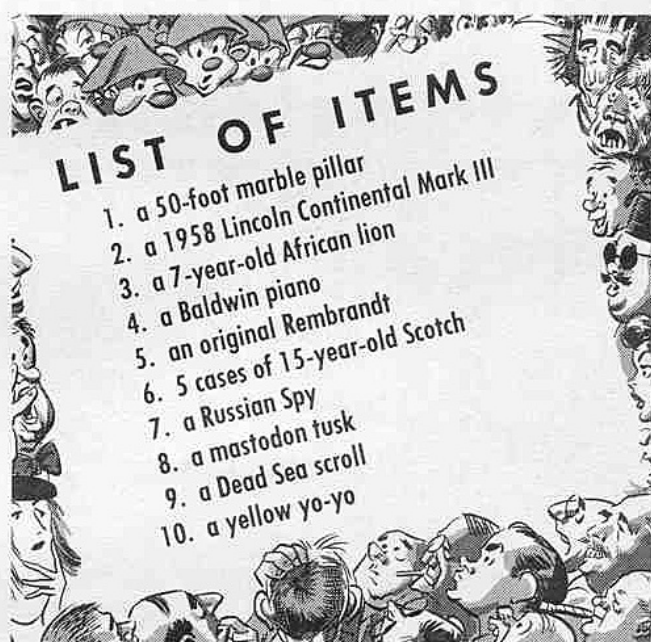
If Edwin somehow survives playing "Inferiority Complex", he can gain his revenge by throwing his own party and organizing a "Super Scavenger Hunt".



RULES

1. Party guests divide into four scavenger teams.
2. Each team is given list of 10 items which they must find and bring back to the party.
3. Scavengers must not be detected while hunting for items.
4. Scavengers must supply own masks, firearms, and explosives.
5. Scavengers must try to prevent other teams from winning.
6. Teams must report back to party at midnight.

Scavenger teams are required to follow the above "rules".



LIST OF ITEMS

1. a 50-foot marble pillar
2. a 1958 Lincoln Continental Mark III
3. a 7-year-old African lion
4. a Baldwin piano
5. an original Rembrandt
6. 5 cases of 15-year-old Scotch
7. a Russian Spy
8. a mastodon tusk
9. a Dead Sea scroll
10. a yellow yo-yo

Scavenger teams are required to bring back these "items".

At 10 P.M., the 4 scavenger teams set out to get items. Team #1, attempting to obtain Baldwin piano, starts to break into Van Galt mansion, but is stopped by Team #2.



Team #4 heads for zoo in local city park in order to get 7-year-old African lion, but is delayed by strategically placed landmines previously planted in paths by Team #3.





Undaunted, Team #4 breaks into local art museum for the original Rembrandt painting. Team #1, however, has lined art museum walls with dozens of fake Rembrandt paintings.



Meanwhile, Team #2 has broken into Acme Liquor store in search of 5 cases of 15-year-old Scotch but is slowed by foolishly sampling bottles previously poisoned by Team #4.



Meanwhile, back at the zoo, Team #3 frees wild animals and sets them loose on Team #1, now busily chopping down 50-foot marble pillar outside stately City Hall building.



Team #4, attempting to capture needed Russian spy, gets trapped in murderous crossfire between Russian spy ring and F.B.I. agents, who are actually Team #2 in disguise.

However, while guests were scavenging for items on list, Edwin was scavenging their homes for valuables. Set for life, he flees country, winning title of Super Scavenger.

At midnight, the four teams, all claiming victory, return to Edwin's party. Amazing as it may seem, they have all managed to obtain every item on list except yellow yo-yo.



PARTY GAME No. 3

CHAOS

A GAME DESIGNED TO BREAK THE ICE, BREAK THE TENSION, AND BREAK YOUR LEASE!

PLAYER NO. 1

shouts out four-letter word.
He continues to shout this
word throughout the game.

PLAYER NO. 16

must throw soft-boiled egg at
PLAYER NO. 1
(and game begins all over)

PLAYER NO. 2

Whistles Player No. 1's
word in Morse Code.

PLAYER NO. 3

stomps left foot in rhythm
with Player No. 2's whistle.

PLAYER NO. 15

is outraged neighbor who
is trying to find host.

PLAYER NO. 4

must walk around his chair
9 times, then tap Player
No. 5 on the back and scream,
"Gee, Dad, it's a Wurlitzer!"

PLAYER NO. 11

must play King of The
Mountain on top of
PLAYER NO. 12,
PLAYER NO. 13
and
PLAYER NO. 14.

PLAYER NO. 5

must give imitation of
Lawrence Welk's brass
section, with his head
stuck in a fishbowl.

PLAYER NO. 10

is blindfolded and must pin
tail on Player No. 11.

PLAYER NO. 9

is dead drunk.

PLAYER NO. 7

and

PLAYER NO. 8

must build a scale replica of
the Taj Mahal out of two
boxes of uncooked spaghetti.

PLAYER NO. 6

must do charade of complete
text of President McKinley's
Inaugural Address, then go home.

WHY I CHANGED MY JOB

By DEXTER YINCKLEY

I'm an accountant and a pretty good one, too. I'd held my old job for over two years, and I felt that I'd gone about as far as I could. So when I saw the above help

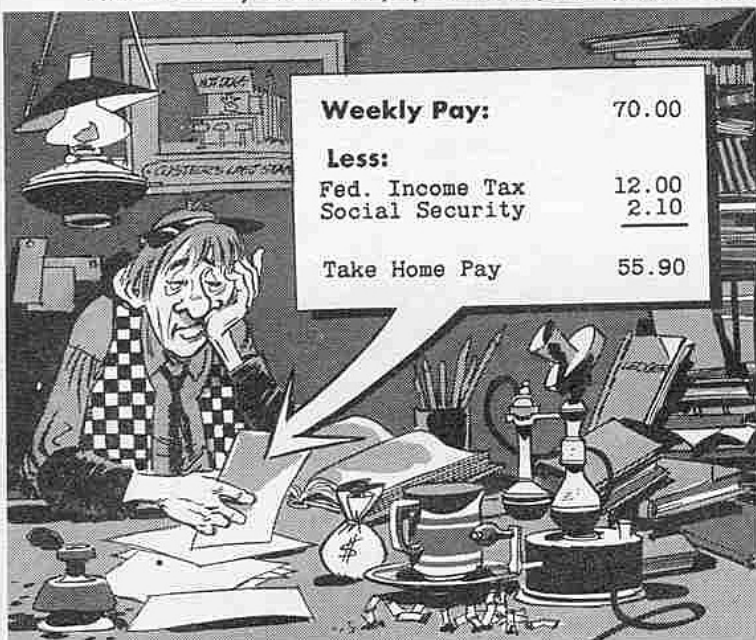
HELP WANTED

ACCOUNTANT experienced, salary \$100 per week, liberal employee benefits, congenial co-workers, convenient location, rapid advancement, must be able to assume responsibilities. Apply Mangle & Crippitt, Co., 21 Frammis Street. (Agcy. fee paid)

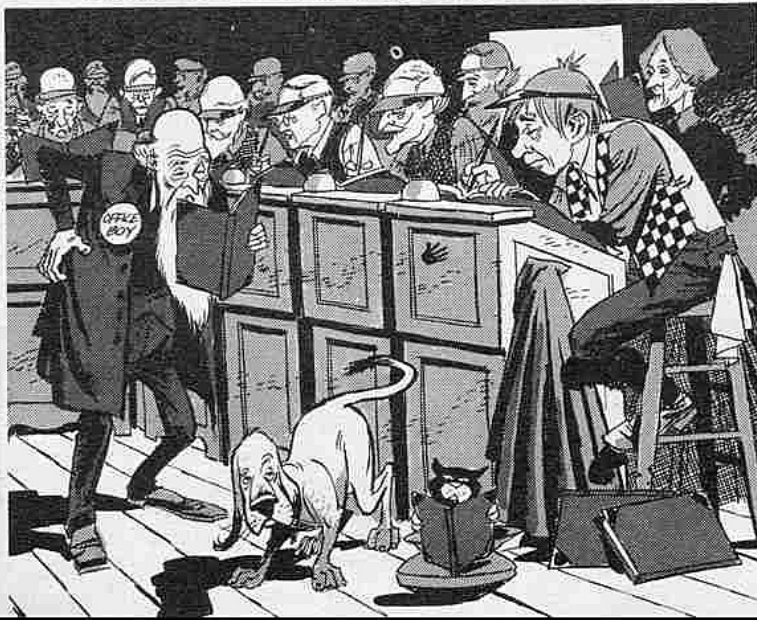
wanted ad, I decided to apply for the job. I really felt good when they hired me. I knew that it was a change for the better because it offered everything I wanted. Like . . .

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

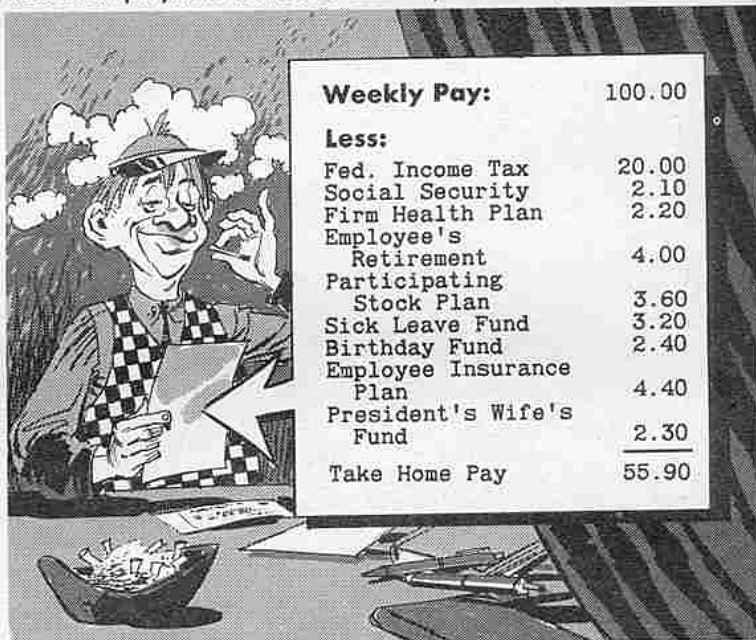
Before I changed jobs, I earned a measly \$70.00 a week. You can see my take-home pay was hardly enough to live on.



At my old job, my co-workers were old, dull, and uninteresting. They never took their noses out of their ledgers.



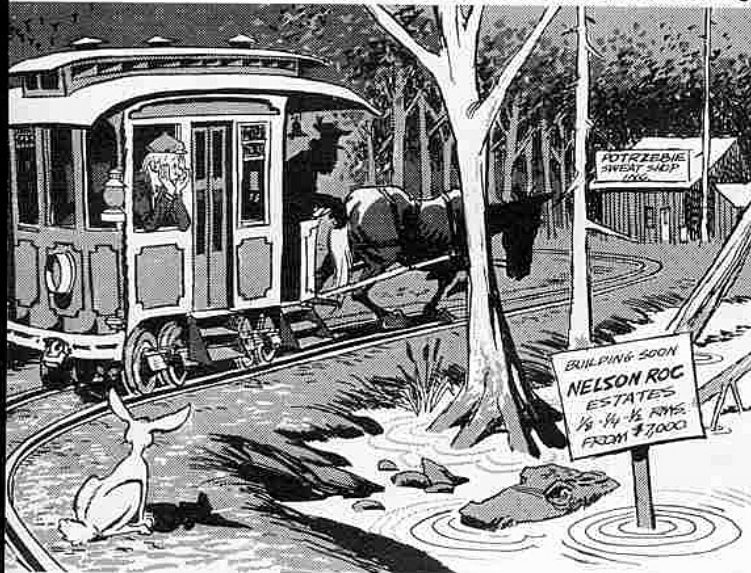
Like the ad promised, my new job pays \$100 a week plus liberal employment benefits. That's quite an improvement.



Like the ad promised, my new co-workers are congenial. They're young and bright, with well-rounded personalities.



My old office was located in a very remote part of town. Commuting was unpleasant, uncomfortable, and time-wasting.



At my old job, I was just a lowly junior accountant. I knew I would never be promoted to any executive position.



At my old job, I was never allowed to handle any of the important ledgers. For example, I was stuck in "Petty Cash" for over two years. You can well imagine how much I yearned to do something important, with responsibility.



Like the ad promised, my new office is conveniently located right in town. There's no time wasted getting there.



Like the ad promised, at my new job, there's rapid advancement. I've already been made an "Associate Executive."

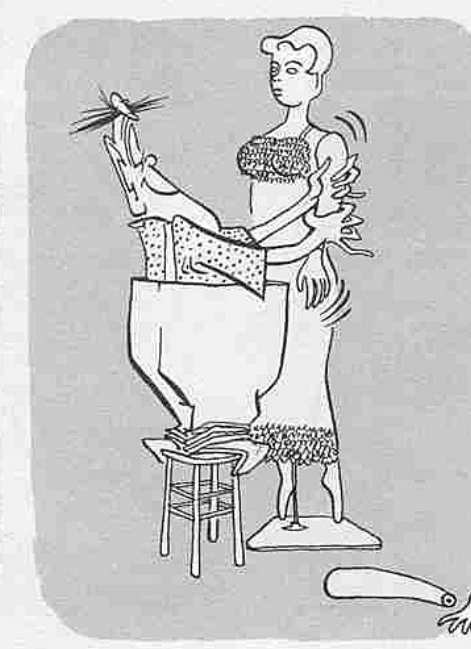
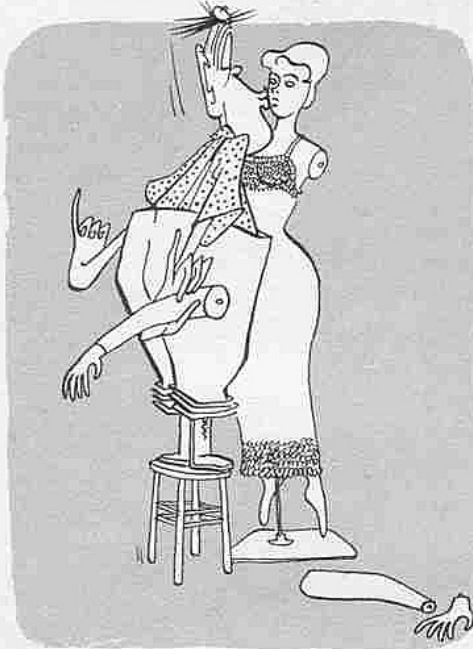
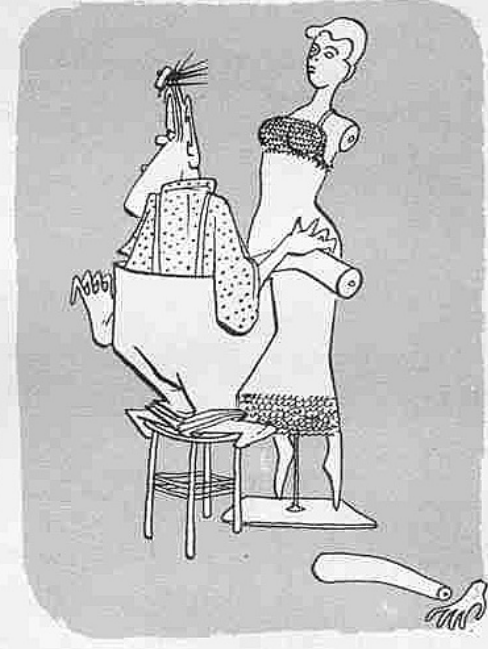
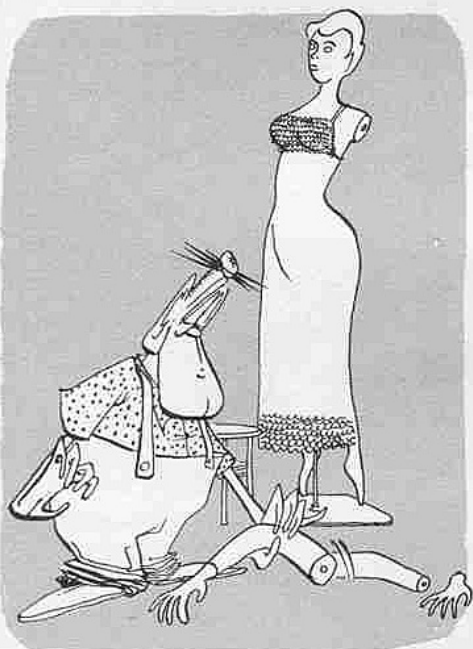
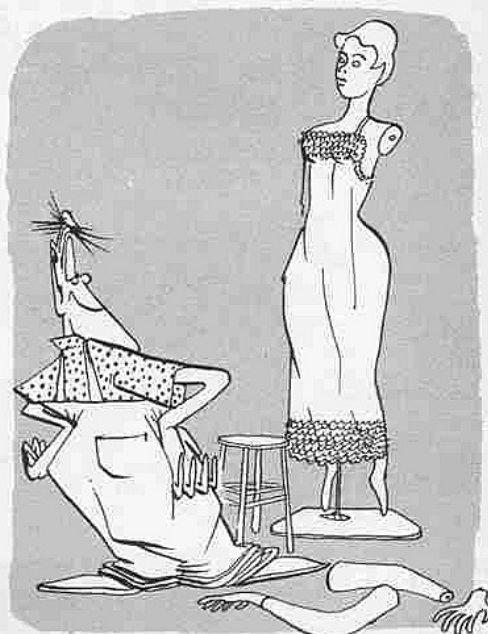


Like the ad promised, my new job gives me responsibility. Only the boss and I have access to the important ledgers. And when the auditors check the books, the boss lets me take all the credit. Yes, sir, I know I'll go a long way!



DON MARTIN DEPT.

Here's another
of Mr. Martin's
**STRANGE
TALES**
He calls this one
**The
Window
Trimmer**

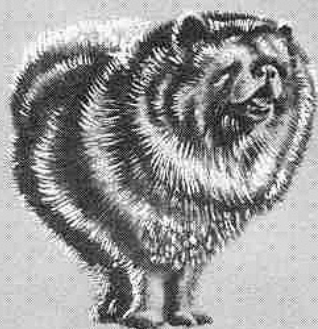


HOW NOW BOW-WOW DEPT.

It has been said that when two people live together, they eventually start to look alike. It follows, then, that when people live with dogs, they eventually start to look like their dogs. If this isn't clear to you (and there's no reason why it should be!), then take a look at these ...



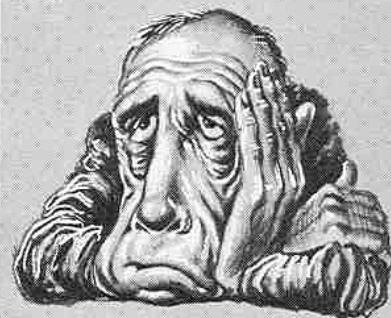
*The Bulldog's bark is full of growls,
His face is full of scars and jowls,
But do not fear his gruff exterior,
'Cause, actually, he feels inferior.*



*For arrogance and pure conceit,
the snooty Chow cannot be beat,
So let us firmly state right now
That man's best friend is not the Chow!*



*Woe is me! Alack, alas! It
Must be tough to be a Basset—
Looking so depressed and dismal,
Like he needs some Pepto-Bismal.*



*The Sheepdog is beyond compare,
He's one-half hound and one-half hair,
He doesn't eat, it's sad to state,
Because he cannot find the plate.*



MAD DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS

PICTURES BY KELLY FREAS



*Poodles live a life of ease
Without a single trace of fleas,
They sport the latest collar fashions
And only eat imported rations,
Manicured and well-perfumed,
They take great pains to be well-groomed,
Only some rich flashy dude'll
Satisfy the pampered Poodle.*



*I wish someone would tell us how a
Man cōuld want a pet Chihuahua—
(Also called the Mexican Hairless)
Though, honestly, we couldn't care less!*



*Like an orange that turns up juiceless,
The Pekinese is just plain useless.*



*The Mongrel is a homeless hound
Who's glad that he's a vagrant,
You always know when he's around
Because he is so fragrant.*



THE LINE IS DIZZY DEPT.

Recently, several of our readers questioned the name COWZNOFSKI, claiming it was pure fabrication and didn't exist at all. We began to have a few doubts on the subject ourselves (since Melvin was away fishing at the time and we couldn't check), so we looked it up in the local telephone directory and, to our astonishment, we found...

Cow Scrounge, Junk Shop, 4 Cobweb Road Wodbgr 2-1234

COWZNOFSKI—See also COWZNOFSKY, COZNOWSKEE, COZZNOFSKI, COWSNOVSKY and ALFRED E. NEUMAN

Cowznofski, A. A., Lush, 23 Skids Row CLarke 7-5678
 Cowznofski, Aaron, Loiterer, City Park, Bench 9 Mingo 4-5600
 Cowznofski, Abdul Gamal, Canal Keeper, 34 Suez Gap Rd Mingo 4-4567
 Cowznofski, Abie, Irish Roses, Longrun Theatr Bldg WOOD 3-4568
 Cowznofski, Abner, Chicken Flicker, Shinbone Alley Mingo 4-5000
 Cowznofski, Adam, Hats, 45 Topper Lane BErg 9-4545
 Cowznofski, Adlai E., Aspirant, Illinois House Apts DRuckr 5-5600
 Cowznofski, Albert B., Editor, MAD Bldg CLarke 7-6000
 Cowznofski, Alice, Blue Gowns, 4 Peacock Alley WODbr 2-4333
 Cowznofski, Aldo, Gorgenzola, 90 Provolone Place MARTn 6-3452
 Cowznofski, Angelo, Spaghetti, 34 Lasagna BErg 9-3422
 Cowznofski, Arpad, Spittoon Burnisher, 67 Drool Blvd DRckr 5-3489
 Cowznofski, Auto Wrecker, corner Fender & Dent MARTn 6-4555
 Cowznofski, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Advt, 1 Mad Av Mingo 4-5677
 Cowznofski, Beauty Parlor, 34 Hideous ORIndo 8-4564
 Cowznofski, Benny, clarinet, 9 Goodman MARTn 6-4444
 Cowznofski, Betty, Refrig Consultnt, 89 Furness ORIndo 8-4543
 Cowznofski, Biscuit Co, cor Frutana and Oreo WODbrg 2-6500
 Cowznofski, Boris, Bolshevik, 10 Red Square call long dstnc operator

ask for Moscow 1-234
 Cowznofski Broadcasting Co, Statn W-M-W, 8 Blooper WODbrg 2-5500
 Cowznofski & Brynner, hair restorers, 8 Baldwin Place BErg 9-9999
 Cowznofski, Carmen, piano plyr, 34 Cavellero St MARTn 6-4545
 Cowznofski, Carp, Aquariums, 9 Bubble ORIndo 8-3434
 Cowznofski, Charlie, Moonshiner, 78 Pot Still Drive BErg 9-2342
 Cowznofski, Chinese Hand Laundry, 2 Muchstarch MARTn 6-4552
 Cowznofski, Chowder & Marching Society, 9 Boss Tweed Pl CLarke 7-3333
 Cowznofski, Coffee Corp, 45 Drip Mingo 4-3452
 Cowznofski, Coke and Coal Co, 3456 Fuel Pl DRuckr 4-3445
 Cowznofski, Cola bottling wrks, cor Pepsi and Cola Rds BErg 9-4444
 Cowznofski, Collection Agcy, 34 Garnishee CLarke 7-7117
 Cowznofski, Confetti Corp, 56 Noisemaker Alley Mingo 5-5500
 Cowznofski, Corsets, Inc, 42-36 Gasp WOOD 3-3778
 Cowznofski, Dry Ginger Ale, 108 Fizzle Lane BErg 9-4431
 Cowznofski, David Glasgow, Admiral USN Ret, 4 Broadside WOOD 3-6565
 Cowznofski, Delicatessen, 93 Pickle CLarke 7-7777
 Cowznofski, Delvin, excavations, 7 Digby WODbrg 2-9806
 Cowznofski, Dog Plucking, 80 Furfly Mingo 4-9980
 Cowznofski, Doctor Brown Cel-Ray Tonic, 23 Moxie MARTn 6-0089
 Cowznofski, Dr. L. Quackenbush, 100 Van Nostrum BErg 9-4643
 Cowznofski, Dr. Scholl, 3 Zinopad ORIndo 8-3331
 Cowznofski, Dwight D., golfer, 46 Gettysburg Farm Rd GOp 1-1111
 Cowznofski, E. Fraud, CPA, 9 Ledger Ave MARTn 6-6671
 Cowznofski, Economy Furniture Outlet, 10 Borax CLarke 7-4540
 Cowznofski, Elvis, Houndogs, 1 Presley Ave DRuckr 4-3440
 Cowznofski, Embalmers, 30 Formalde Hyde Park ORIndo 8-0045
 Cowznofski, Emil, Sauerbrauten, 50 Wurst Mingo 4-3442
 Cowznofski, Emile, Frogs Legs, 4 Vichysoisse WOOD 3-3457
 Cowznofski, Ernest, writer, 1 Beard Way MARTn 6-5565
 Cowznofski & Fall River Steamship Co, 9 David Jones Av BErg 9-1000
 Cowznofski, Felix, performing Feline, 4 Animation Way MARTn 6-7133
 Cowznofski, Fence Co, stolen goods, 40 Purloin Place CLarke 7-3353
 Cowznofski, Fertilizer Corp, 35 Pew Mingo 4-7111
 Cowznofski, Figaro, barber, Seville-Rossini Hotel WOOD 3-3435
 Cowznofski, Fig Newton Works, Molar-Cavity Blvd DRuckr 4-0987
 Cowznofski, Firearms, 30/06 Springfield WODbrg 2-4376
 Cowznofski, Fish Markt, 34 Mac Keral Square Mingo 4-6652
 Cowznofski, Florist Shop, 9 Petunia CLarke 7-2342
 Cowznofski, Friendly Loan Co, cor Leech & Bloodscr Ays BErg 9-1414
 Cowznofski, Garage, 324 Towa Way CLarke 7-5666
 Cowznofski, Gene, drummer, 1 Krupa Place MARTn 6-8907
 Cowznofski, General, Nuisance, 34 Pester Ave Mingo 4-3342
 Cowznofski, George, Asst. Violinist, Liberace Terr WOOD 3-4500

42 Cowznofski-Goldwyn-Mayer, Movie Producers, 9 Nickelodeon MARTn 6-3450

Cowznofski, Gouge, Artificial Eyes, 2 Squint BErg 9-5699
 Cowznofski & Hammer, Private Investigtns, 10 Spill Lane CLarke 7-5677
 Cowznofski & Hammerstein, Musicals, 1001 South Pacific BErg 9-7000
 Cowznofski, Hathaway, Eye Patches, 78 Haberdasher Rd ORIndo 8-5556
 Cowznofski, Herschel, Borscht, 29 Bagel WODbrg 3-4498
 Cowznofski Home for Friendless Axolotls, 78 Newt St DRuckr 5-3444
 Cowznofski, Hopalong, Cap Pistols, 45 Kilgore Ave WOOD 3-7764
 Cowznofski, I. Sikkle, Air Conditioning, 89 Carrier Av CLarke 7-0870
 Cowznofski, Ichabod, Pumpkin Heads, 34 Washington Irving WOOD 3-9997
 Cowznofski, Ike, Ukulele player, 9 Godfrey Lane MARTn 6-4545
 Cowznofski Institute, Electrolysis, 4 Hairless Mingo 4-2877
 Cowznofski Irish Tavern, 43 Mallarkey ORIndo 8-4222
 Cowznofski, Irving, Pastrami, cor Rye & Mustard Aves DRuckr 4-5500
 Cowznofski Italian Pizza Pies, 2 Incredible BErg 9-2398
 Cowznofski, J. McTavish, bagpiper, cor of Wheeze & Groan CLarke 7-4445
 Cowznofski Jaw Harp Works, 34 Boing WOOD 3-5672
 Cowznofski, Jerry "Doom", Exterminatr, 4 Toxin St Mingo 4-6590
 Cowznofski, Jose, Tamales, 356 Frijoles Av DRuckr 4-5550
 Cowznofski, Juan, Bodega Hispana, 4 Caribe Pl CLarke 7-3434
 Cowznofski Juvenile Furniture, 1 Pottichair Way BErg 9-6665
 Cowznofski Kazoo Works, 267 Papercomb Rd MARTn 6-3453
 Cowznofski Kennels, Hounds, 34 Baskerville ORIndo 8-3990
 Cowznofski, Kris, Kringles, 10 North Poal Rd DRuckr 4-3232
 Cowznofski, Lassie, Apt. K-9, 10084 Pooch Rd, W. Hydrant Mingo 4-7609
 Cowznofski, Lionel, Toy Trains, 89 Tinsplate Rd WODbrg 2-0087
 Cowznofski, Lord Algernon, Remittance Man, South Sea Beach

ask operator for Tahiti
 Cowznofski, Lydia, Vegtbl Compound, 98 Pinkham Blvd BErg 9-0900
 Cowznofski, Marilyn, dressforms, 36-22-38 Monroe Pl ORIndo 8-3223
 Cowznofski, Melvin, Undertaker, 34 Vault Pl CLarke 7-3450
 Cowznofski, Melvin A., Undetrkr, 35 Vault Pl CLarke 7-3451
 Cowznofski, Melvin Bud, Undrtr, 36 Vault Pl CLarke 7-3452
 Cowznofski, Melvin Chuck, Undr, 37 Vault Pl CLarke 7-3453
 Cowznofski, Melvin Delbert, Unr, 38 Vault Pl CLarke 7-3454
 Cowznofski Memorial Hospital, 7 Veterinarian Alley DRuckr 5-8865
 Cowznofski Memorial Library, Horror Comics, 8 Gore St BErg 9-9890
 Cowznofski Memorial Stadium, Cockroach Races, 7 Vermin WOOD 3-5578
 Cowznofski, Mickey, Rodent, 34 Dizzlyland Blvd Mingo 4-7778
 Cowznofski Mumbledy Peg Works, 9 Handstab Lane WODbrg 2-0878
 Cowznofski, "Muggsy", Slot Machines, 80 Tilt ORIndo 8-7236
 Cowznofski Musclebuilding Inst, 88 Barbell BErg 9-4798
 Cowznofski National Bank, cor Deposit & Withdrawal CLarke 7-0008
 Cowznofski Needle Works, 11 Under Haystack Lane DRuckr 5-9876
 Cowznofski Noodle Corp, fork of Slurp & Butter Strts MARTn 6-3330
 Cowznofski Osszefogva International, 3 Gooph Off Pl WOOD 3-4452
 Cowznofski, Pete, Piccolo player, 46 Trill CLarke 7-7765
 Cowznofski, Peter Illitch, composer, 1812 N. Overture MARTn 6-6968
 Cowznofski & Pew, Sewer Maintenance, 4 Manhole Rd DRuckr 5-3456
 Cowznofski Pickle Works, 45 Brine WODbrg 2-0989
 Cowznofski & Potrzebie, Pogo Sticks, 1098756 Bounce MARTn 6-3428
 Cowznofski, Quincy, Newscaster, 3 Howe St CLarke 7-6606
 Cowznofski, R. Bulge, tuba player, 44 Grunt ORIndo 8-8863
 Cowznofski, R.C.A., talking dog, 17 Victor Blvd WOOD 3-6756
 Cowznofski Raceways, Trotters, cor Nagg and Glue Mingo 4-3434
 Cowznofski, Ralph "Squint", peeping tom, 1 Keyhole Pl CLarke 7-4403
 Cowznofski Real Estate, Split Levels, 54 Schizoid Rd BErg 9-4945
 Cowznofski Rendering Co, 4 Chickenfat Acres ORIndo 8-8803
 Cowznofski Rudolph Sigismund, Psychiatrist, 44 Couch MARTn 6-9977
 Cowznofski-Schaffner & Marx, Gents Suits, 70 Taylor Av CLarke 7-3450
 Cowznofski, Scott, Emulsion, 56 Codfish Row WODbrg 2-2342
 Cowznofski, Scrounge, Junk Shop, 4 Cobweb Road BErg 9-7760
 Cowznofski, Shyster & Cowznofsky, attys, 9 Ambulance DRuckr 5-3000
 Cowznofski, "Skats", Hamsters, 2 Ofen MARTn 6-4827
 Cowznofski, "Skeets", Rabbits, 2 Frequently MARTn 6-4828
 Cowznofski Sky Coach Airlines, 7 Barnstorm CLarke 7-7876
 Cowznofski, Smelvin, Garbage Collec, 80 Refuse Av MARTn 6-5545
 Cowznofski, Smith & Bro Coughdrops, 4 Larynx Blvd Mingo 4-6650
 Cowznofski Social & Athletic Club, 78 Pool Hall DRuckr 5-5009
 Cowznofski Stamp Co, 234 Scott, 235 Minkus BErg 9-3400
 Cowznofski & Strauss, Nuclear Products, 4 Fallout WODbrg 2-3456
 Cowznofski Taxi Srvic, cor Hack and Meter Aves BErg 9-9897
 Cowznofski, Thomas Alva, inventor, 11 Ameche Blvd MARTn 6-6564
 Cowznofski, Todd, 80 Day Excursions, cor Liz & Taylor Mingo 4-4342
 Cowznofski, Topeka & Santa Fe RR Tickt Off, 9 Caboose WOOD 3-0392
 Cowznofski Trailways, Bus Lines, 31 Backache CLarke 7-3452
 Cowznofski, Turhan Bey, 1942 Mouvie phone out of order
 Cowznofski Used Cars, cor of Heap & Collision Aves WODbrg 2-2423
 Cowznofski, Vince, bootlegger, 34 Volstead BErg 9-4460
 Cowznofski, Walter, Col USA Ret, 2 Chicken CLarke 7-3876
 Cowznofski & Welk, Corn Dealers, 4 Champagne Rd MARTn 6-3458
 Cowznofski Wig Co, Cor Transformation & Toupee ORIndo 8-9862
 Cowznofski, Wrench, Dr, osteopath, 33 Lumbar Rd CLarke 7-7777
 Cowznofski, Xavier, Xylophones, 9 Xantippe Pl BErg 9-3333
 Cowznofski Yoyo Corp, cor of William & Gaines Sts Mingo 4-4444
 Cowznofski, Zeke, Hick, cor of Parker & Fenelley Rds WODbrg 2-1234

POST-MORTEM DEPT.

And now MAD presents its version of the well-known national magazine that derives its title from the day it goes on sale . . . mainly Tuesday!

The Saturday Evening

PEST

February 30, 1958 15¢

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT—DO WE NEED IT?

By Joseph and Stewart Allslop

Cities of the World: FUNKHOUSER, ILLINOIS

THIS ISN'T EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND

By Benjamin Franklin



Norman
Shockwell

Tugboat Annie Sinks

By DIETRICH DUNSTAN DRIZZLE

Could it be? After all her years at the helm, was Annie about to keel-haul her yardarm?

Apex Selby sat in the lobby of the Umgumtumiaki Hotel overlooking the unpaved main street of Port Aakviklotl, and glanced over the headlines of the Skagway Gazette.

"I've been an Alaskan ship owner for thirty-seven years, now heading a fleet of seven vessels, the largest of which, the 'Primrose', is ably captained by the only woman pilot on the tundra, Tugboat Annie," he mused, a thick thatch of white hair covering his otherwise bald head.

A heavy form sagged into the chair beside Apex, and the pungent aroma told him without looking up that it was Annie.

"Why ye shark-nosed swivel-eared scabbard-sluthering son-of-a-skinamaroo," said Annie amiably, hitting him in the mouth with a hairy fist.

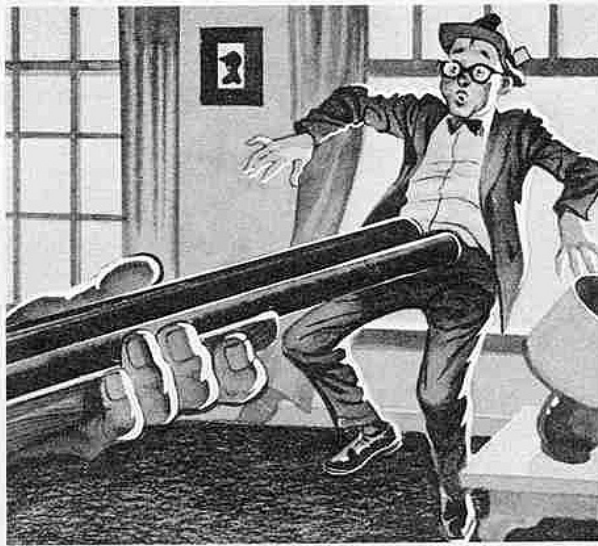
(Now that we've captured your interest, battle your way through the ads to page 427 where this mess is continued.)

Annie avasted Mr. Sutphen's outrigger.
"Yer a bag of second-hand pizened tripe,"
she said with a note of sadness.





I finally went out to the Martin home after waiting for several days while Pete humorously pretended he didn't want to see me.



I was fully prepared to be graciously received, but I never expected anything like the welcome I got.

I CALL ON PETE MARTIN

I had finally consented to interview Pete Martin, and a dozen random thoughts were swirling through my mind as my sleek new Ferrari-41 sport car rolled up the drive of his modest Connecticut home.

I remembered that I had been in Connecticut before, once to do my Pulitzer prize-winning series on Syngman Rhee, and once to buy some smoked head cheese at a Hartford grocery that specializes in such mouth-watering delicacies.

Now, wearing an expensive imported camel's hair sport coat and trim fawn-colored slacks, an ensemble that makes me appear much younger than I am, I

(Continued on page 292)

BY FENWICK OVERSHOT

One Pest editor calls
on another to gain an
interview that only the
Pest would dare print.

I asked Pete for a picture, and he gave me this one that he took in Yellowstone Park in 1951.



Pete reluctantly left his busy desk to show me the door after we had concluded our little chat.





The Perfect Squash

Lieutenant Smith, more than a little impressed with his own military ability after finishing first in his class at O.C.S., was assigned to be an aide to an old-line cavalry officer named Colonel Brown.

The young lieutenant proceeded to change the colonel's entire office system, prefacing each new change with the admonition that "this is the way we do it in the new army, sir!"

The wily old veteran maintained silence until one day when the lieutenant announced that he was going to consolidate the "Q" and "R" material in the filing cabinet because there was so little filed under "Q."

"It may be confusing to you at first, sir," the young lieutenant smiled condescendingly, "but this is the way we do it in the new army!"

The old colonel turned from the window with a wry expression on his face and said quietly:

"Ahhh, yer fadder's moustache!"

Ewald Prawn



You Be The Jury

By LUTHER ZITZLAFF

Stevie was an ex-convict who found that his criminal record hampered his efforts to gain employment. After several weeks of job hunting, he was apparently on the verge of being hired by the J & J Necktie Shortener Co. But before the hiring could take place, Stevie's past prison record was brought to light and his application was rejected. In a fit of pique, Stevie shot and killed the J & J firm's Personnel Manager. He then proceeded to file suit against the State Parole Board.

"I am a pathological criminal and the parole board knew it," he argued. "It isn't safe for me to be on the streets. If I'd been kept in prison where I belong, I wouldn't have gotten into further trouble. I demand that the state immediately put me back in stir."

"He done his time so we sprung him," replied the chairman of the parole board. "I mean, you know . . . wha' c'we do?"

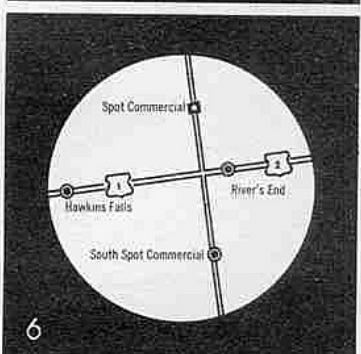
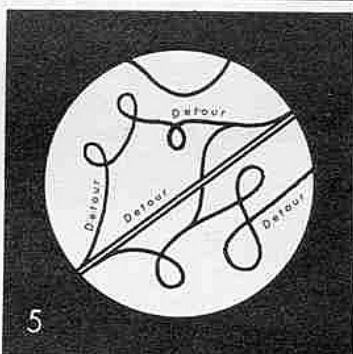
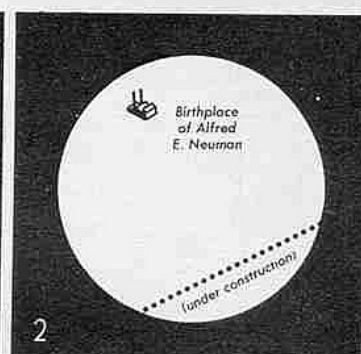
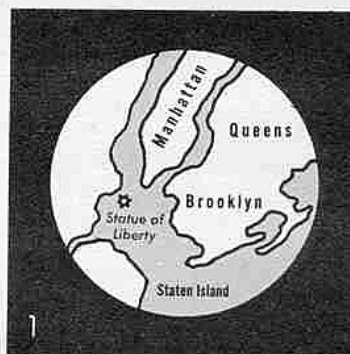
If you were the jury, would you rule that Stevie was entitled to go back to prison?

.....

Stevie won his case. The jury ruled that since he was now a murderer, he was entitled to return to custody, regardless of the fact that he had completed

his previous sentence. He lived happily at the State Penitentiary until he was given the electric chair four months later.

Based on a 1831 Utah Decision.



What State Are You In?

East, West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above is located in one state. Can you identify what state you are in?

(Answer on page xcvi)

Answers to What State Are You In?

1. Hysteria
2. Uncertainty
3. Confusion
4. Shock
5. Well Being
6. Utah

Answers to So You Think You Know Craps!

It is true that the missing die lay flat.

But it was not "easily readable" by all of the participants in the game.

Therefore, Pooch sat on Snake, while Trigger carved him up with a switch-blade knife.



Can You Name This Celebrity?

Though camera-shy at seven, he overcame this trait and went on to win fame and fortune before the cameras of Hollywood. A top-ranking singer of popular music as well as an actor, his recent recording of "I've Got to Get Back to Iceland Right Away Quick" has sold over 9,000 copies, which is pretty darn good considering the fact that it was recorded at 95 1/2 RPM's. His most recent accomplishment aside from being featured in an article in *Confidential*, is an Academy Award nomination for his work in the motion picture "A Face in the Crowd." Can you name him?

Sebastian Frivvie

CORRECT ANSWER

Helen Twelvetees



So You Think You Know Craps!

By DOMINIC 'PATSY' SCHMURGEN

Under Rule 5.28 of *The International Code of Crap Shooting and Penny Pitching*, it is clearly stated that "failure of one or both dice to land in a flat and easily readable position upon throwing shall result in a void or 'no-dice' situation." The application of this rule resulted in some confusion in an actual game situation which occurred early last season.

The Golden Dukes and the Market Street Marauders are having a friendly little game in the alley behind Dressendorfer's Pool Hall and Recreation Center. Snake Burnbaum is a \$12.00 winner. Trigger Grslx is in for about eight clams. Itchy Twirp is down four bucks. And Poochy Duckgluck is approximately even.

Snake's point is eight, and he repeatedly shouts "Eighter from Decatur" as he prepares to roll. Trigger fades him for two skins, and Pooch takes a piece of that. Itchy is interested in a girl across the alley preparing for bed, and is not participating.

On the first roll, one die lands upward in a six position. The other rolls into an open manhole. Snake retrieves the die, announces that it was a two, and that he's made his point. Trigger and Pooch invoke Rule 5.28, arguing that the dice were not "easily readable." Snake replies that he found the missing die lying flat and easily readable in the sewer. So saying, he picks up all bets and pockets them.

If you had been Pooch or Trigger, what would you have done?

(See Page 7003 for answer)

NEXT WEEK

Who is this DEBBIE PERSON?

Eddie Fisher's Own Story About
His Temporary Losses of Memory

WE DROVE OUR CHRYSLER TO HONOLULU

A Daring Young Couple, a Carefree
Adventure, a Flooded Motor

NEW YORK FIGHTS BACK

The Story of a Town That Refused To Die

I WAS A CROQUET TRAMP

Is Amateurism Disappearing
From Our Favorite Lawn Game?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN OUT OF SCRATCH PAPER

A Beautiful Portfolio of Eight Blank Pages

CAN THE WHIG PARTY COME BACK?

The Story of a Group Determined To Find
Another John C. Calhoun

THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS GOING MAD

Alfred E. Neuman Threatens To Replace Baseball

The LION'S REAR



Published
here monthly ...
Column No. 14,228

The longest
tale on the
screen!

After his many years before the cameras, it would seem that Basil Rathbone could have no new firsts to add to his career.

But Producer C. C. Seecamp has met the challenge in the new M-J-M release, "The Thing that Landed in Pittsburgh."

"Rathbone's name has been associated with so many great pictures for so many years," says Seecamp, "we decided it would be a real switcheroo to put him in a bad one."



No one who caught the recent sneak preview could deny that "The Thing that Landed in Pittsburgh" is a real bomb.

Rathbone, calling on a new facet of his many-sided talent, is cast in the role of a slapstick night club comic.

He sings seven new hit songs, all badly.

Ed Sullivan, who dropped in on the set during production, later told his T.V. audience, "This superb job of absolute mis-casting is a tribute to M-J-M's modern thinking."

As in so many great dramas, the plot of the picture itself is a simple one.

And how!

It's the story of the everyday trials and tribulations of an itinerant belly-dancer, a pyromaniac steam-fitter, a discouraged oboist, and a happy-go-lucky werewolf.

Just simple everyday folks any of us might know—and love.

Ivan Sternwash wrote the screenplay based on a story by Y. Y. Dunphy stolen from a book by Edgar Allen Poe.

For an incredibly long, dull evening that will make you wish you had stayed home and played a game of three-handed whist, we heartily recommend "The Thing that Landed in Pittsburgh!"



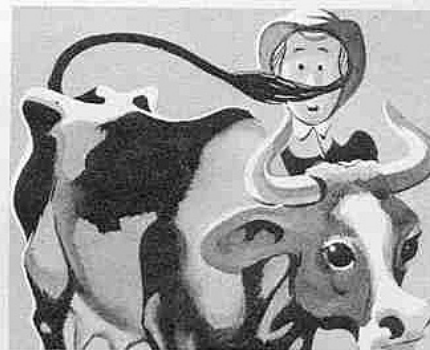
Sidney

Keeping Pested

The Lady was Surprised

Mrs. Tillie Eichorn, whose first Pest Fiction, "HONEYMOON IN TEHERAN," appears on page 26, drops us a card from her home near Conway, Ark., to say that she didn't start out to be a writer at all.

"Great balls of fire!" messages Mrs. Eichorn, "All I did was write a letter to Montgomery Ward complaining that the milking stool they sent me wobbles! Imagine my surprise when I learned that my husband had sent the letter to your manuscript editor by mistake, and that it had been accepted for publication as "HONEYMOON IN TEHERAN!"



Pest Writer in a Whirlwind

Seymour Schwab (THE EDGAR LUNDQUIST NOBODY KNOWS in the Jan. 16th Pest) writes from his farm in Desolate, Texas, that a recent tornado there completely destroyed his oil derrick crop.

"Incidentally," Seymour reflects jovially, "if I don't receive a check within ten days for my recent Pest article, I shall be obliged to put the matter into the hands of an attorney."

Life Among the Authors

Eugene Ogg, whose new serial, "WHEATIES, THE BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" begins on page 34, sends along this candid photo of himself at work in his study.

"My wife snapped this from the mouth of our cave with a baby Brownie," Ogg writes. "The baby Brownie is a distant relative on my father's side whom we are raising as our own."



Author Dr. Irving Belknap (STOP PAMPERING YOUR CHILDREN in the May 9th Pest) reports an amazing response to his article. "Three Boy Scout Troops have sworn a vendetta against me," the noted educator writes from an undisclosed hiding place, "and Mickey Mouse Clubs from as far away as Anchorage, Alaska, and the Canal Zone have been sending me cookies containing untraceable poisons."

NEXT WEEK'S PEST

"I always Die in the Stretch"

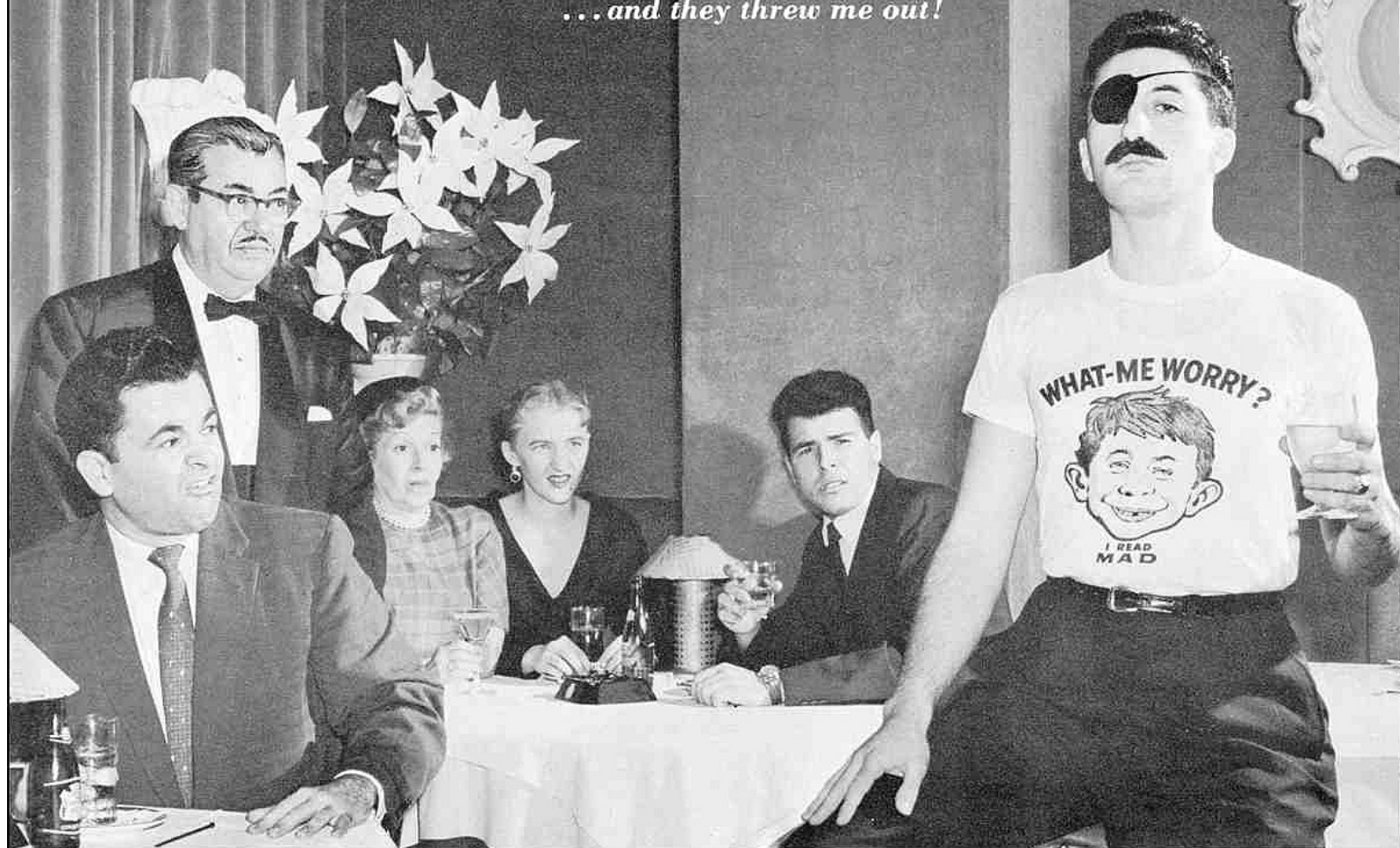


Are America's biggest racing classics being fixed by the horses themselves? Sea Breeze, a three-year-old who has finished out of the money consistently at Aqueduct, gives the horse-laugh to railbirds in this startling exposé.

I dreamed I went to a plush New York night club in my...

MAD T-Shirt

...and they threw me out!



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MEN

CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
34"—37"	MS	37"—41"	MM	41"—44"	ML

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